

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

PRESCOTT, FROM OGDENSBURG HARBOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

PRESCOTT is a town containing over two thousand inhabitants, in the shire of Johnstown, Upper Canada, or, according to the Parliamentary act of 1841, Canada West. It is situated on the St. Lawrence, at the foot of navigation for large vessels from Lake Ontario, and is enjoying, at present, an envious degree of prosperity. It is true, there are very few buildings, private or public, which can be termed splendid specimens of architecture; but there is a neatness connected with the town, and an enterprise with the inhabitants, that may be taken as a fair augury of future eminence. Immediately opposite Prescott is the town of Ogdensburg, situated on the north shore of the Oswegatchie, and of course where this river empties into the St. Lawrence. Ogdensburg is somewhat larger than its rival, Prescott, containing, according to the latest census, nearly three thousand inhabitants.

Thus much for the rival towns. Let us examine a little now into the merits of the harbor. First, in the foreground, if, indeed, foreground dare be applied to water, we have two small boats, one with its strip of canvas, and two leisure-taking fishermen in either end, and the other with a tar, who appears desirous of landing on the raft just before him. Those fellows on the logs and the pier, so far as the *otium cum dignitate* is concerned, appear to be doing well. There is nothing like enjoyment when one can have it, and there is nothing like seeking it despite of all the untoward and malignant influences that sometimes beset us in life. Who knows but the trio beside that barrel and on those bales there, are recounting some strange wild story of the deep, or telling how many long months and years they have been from home and all the friends and joys they hold dear? And who would be so thoughtless as to intrude upon the musings of the solitary one who, a little farther on, is leaning upon the wharf-post, and thinking, may-be, when he shall plant foot on his own native soil, and mingle in the scenes that wore nothing but sunlight in the gay hours of youth? Let him be, and pass on to the two in the yawl to his right. Talk to them if you wish

to talk, or walk farther on to the extremity of the pier, and give yourself an introduction to those other two, who, no doubt, belong to the unrigged vessel there, and who can well edify your heart and ears by some tale of ocean peril or glee. Or, if not yet satisfied, ascend that flight of stairs, and, from the platform of that rude house, see

How the silver-winged sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors, bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the stream, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges—the swans of the tide.

Now a glance to the left. I like the pennon streaming from the top of the mast, and the canvas floating in the breeze, and the idle leisureness that characterizes that craft there. A quizzical friend by my side says he verily believes the thing is loaded with hay, and that the crew have all fallen asleep. Amiable sagacity this! Another one says the three trees on the strip of land farther down are the prettiest things about the engraving, and that that old church-looking building is a venerable curiosity. Half right you are, perhaps, Milton; but the lone chap lifting his oars and striking from the harbor to the glorious St. Lawrence, has my whole soul's sympathy. He has the true stamp of independence about him, and means to cheat the steam ferry-boat just above of at least one half his passage money from Ogdensburg to Prescott.

I was just about wishing, reader, that I was on board some light draught boat at Kingston, bound for Montreal and Quebec, by way of Prescott and Ogdensburg. No scenery in the world is so enchanting as the scenery along the St. Lawrence. There is a richness and a wildness in it found in no other scenery on the continent. And moonlight on the St. Lawrence—it is perfect fairy land. Along the shore and on the waves the giant shadows of the rocks and trees stretching forth their arms make one feel himself almost in another world, and the rich silver lines of light falling from the queen of heaven lift the soul high above earth and all earthly things. I say I was anxious to take a moonlight passage up the St. Lawrence; but the hope is vain, and I must here close by wishing "to one and all a fair good night, and pleasant dreams and rosy slumbers light."

HOUSEHOLD RELIGION.

BY E. M. B.

"All may of Thee partake;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
 Will not grow bright and clean;
 A servant with this clause,
 Makes drudgery divine;
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine."

THE children had retired for the night. The rain, which had been threatening all day, now fell in such heavy torrents as to preclude the idea of a passing visitor; and, as Mrs. Ludlow, drawing her work-table near her, heaved a sigh of apparent belief, Ellen Maitland closed the book whose leaves she had been turning over, and seemed prepared for an hour's quiet conversation.

"That is right, Ellen," said Mrs. Ludlow; "for though you have now been with me nearly a week, we have not yet had time for one of our old 'long talks.' I am not willing to think that I care less for religion than formerly; yet the care of my family does so press upon me, that I seem to have but little time to attend to it."

"The proper care of your family is religion," returned Ellen smilingly; "so I will not allow that that can interfere with your interest and enjoyment."

"Well, I suppose it ought not to do so," replied Mrs. L., rather hesitatingly; "but Mr. L. is so fully engaged by his business, that the whole charge of the family devolves upon me, and I cannot enjoy all the privileges which were mine as a girl and unfettered. Ah, Ellen! those were happy times, when we went to Sunday school and Bible class, and the Missionary Board, and the sewing meetings; and you cannot tell how I miss them. I am just settling down into a mere nobody; and I sometimes wish that I had never been married."

"Banish that thought, Susan, as often as it arises, or is suggested to you, or it may prove the fruitful source of sorrow. You have a kind, pious, and intelligent husband, affectionate children, and are surrounded by every comfort that a moderate competence can bestow. Surely God's abounding gifts ought not to lessen your love, or hinder your service toward the Giver of them all. I allow that, at present, you cannot be a Sunday school teacher, nor, perhaps, very frequently go to the sewing meeting; but missionary claims you can attend to, and the usual means of grace are yours; and I confess I see nothing to prevent your full enjoyment of religion, and making eminent attainments in piety."

Susan shook her head in token of dissent; and Ellen, whose interest in her early friend had not been lessened by a separation of seven years, having

raised her heart to God for guidance and instruction, continued,

"You shake your head, Susan, and in so doing reveal at once the cause of your discomfiture. You want faith."

"Faith!"

"Yes, faith is the foundation of the whole Christian character; and if you are conscious of any defect in practice or deficiency in attainment, you will find the cause in a want of faith. 'All things are possible to him who believes.' Now, do you not exhibit a want of faith in God's providence, when you doubt your power to serve him fully in your present situation and relations of life? If your mind rested in the truth that you are where you are by God's appointment, then the command to present your body, soul, and spirit unto him, would seem but your reasonable service, and as imperatively binding upon *you* as upon any other person in any other situation in life. As the command is to every believer, irrespective of circumstances, it proves that no circumstances *necessarily* impede its fulfillment."

"I do not think that I really doubt God's providence in my marriage," said Mrs. Ludlow, "and I am too well instructed not to believe that it is my duty to love him with all my heart, and to serve him with all my mind; but in my present situation how to perform I see not."

"Perhaps you err in this particular, Susan; that while you acknowledge God's *general* providence, in the arrangement of your lot, you yet fail to discern his *special* providence in the events of your daily life."

"I do not understand you clearly, Ellen."

The latter took her friend's hand, and pressing it affectionately said,

"You will allow your earliest friend to speak very plainly to you, Susan. I believe you to be anxious to love and serve God; and I wish that, while you love and serve him, you should have *rest* in that service, and *enjoyment* in that love. I will proceed, then, dear Susan, fearlessly. I have noticed that one of your servants, possessing many good traits of character, is yet exceedingly careless. Your little children, like all others, are troublesome; and your quiet is constantly interrupted by petty annoyances; and, under these common trials of domestic life, I have seen you exhibit a clouded brow and restless spirit, as though these were not crosses placed in your path by the hand of your heavenly Father, and well calculated, if rightly borne, to aid in the formation and development of your Christian character."

"You do not mean to say," interrupted Mrs. Ludlow, "that it is best for me to have a perverse servant and fretful children!"

"I do certainly believe," replied Ellen, "that your all-wise Teacher is giving you the instruction best adapted to your character and need. These domestic trials might teach you to know yourself; and this

knowledge of self, revealing your inefficiency, should cause you to apply to the Strong for strength; and any means which lead to a closer acquaintance with ourselves and God, should be to us a source of gratitude. The trials you complain of, comparatively insignificant as they are, are the appointed means of your self-denial, and give full scope for your exercise of this grace. Now, crucifixion of self is absolutely necessary to life in God; and He who determines the bounds of our habitations, hath decreed that

'We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our duties and our friends farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For mortal man beneath the sky.'

He hath so arranged and ordered, that

'The common round, the daily task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves—a road
That leads us daily nearer God.'

"It is very true," said Mrs. Ludlow, after a pause, "that I have not thought of self-denial in the way you speak of it, nor expected by such means to grow in grace. I have rather looked back on my early religious life with regret for the present; for I think I then served God and enjoyed religion."

"Let us review that time," observed Ellen: "you experienced religion at sixteen—knew no opposition from family or friends, but was encouraged in your course by the approbation of all dear to you. Lively, engaging, and affectionate, you was the pride of our little circle. You was a Sunday school teacher, a tract distributor, a missionary collector, and, almost exonerated by your kind mother from any attention to domestic duties, was allowed to throw all your energies into those outward enterprises. Now, Susan, it would have been almost a miracle, if one so young had not, at times, mistaken the fires of nature for the warmth of grace; and you certainly were in danger of thinking of yourself more highly than you ought to think. How was one so inexperienced to discern whether she were actuated by love to God, or by a desire for the approbation of those dear to her, or by an ambition which, in resigning the world, was determined upon being first in the circle which she had chosen? I presume, judging from my own experience, that your motives were mixed. Our kind Father pours his light upon our childish vision as we are able to bear it, requiring for the continuance of his justifying and adopting love, only that we should render service *according to that light*. That requirement I believe to be unalterable. You then suffered an affliction—the only real one you have even yet known. You lost a beloved sister; and though you mourned deeply under the bereavement, you gave no evidence of rebellion against God's will. True, her departure was too triumphant to admit of repining, and I, for one, thought my dear Susan almost perfect in her acquiescence to the

chastening. A little time elapsed and you married, well and happily, and soon as mistress of a household and mother of an increasing family, your line of duties was changed; and now, instead of cheerfully following the Divine guidance, and asking what is the will of God concerning you, you rebel in spirit, and pine after those outward duties which you so exclusively term serving God."

"And do you not deem them important?" asked Mrs. Ludlow.

"Most certainly, and never to be omitted when circumstances allow their performance. But duties never clash, the greater always superseding the less; and it is God's providence illustrating God's word, and not our own wish, that must determine which is the greater or the present duty. If I err not in judgment of the past and present, you now stand in the place from which I have been extricated; and would I might be the instrument of giving you that instruction so opportunely conveyed to me."

"I will give a patient hearing and a willing reception, Ellen, and that is all that I can do," said Mrs. Ludlow.

"Except an earnest prayer that God will give his blessing, and enable you to reduce knowledge to practice," added Ellen.

"But your circumstances are not similar to mine," returned her friend, "and you are an active, efficient member of the Church."

"I am endeavoring to work in my Master's cause just now," returned Ellen, "in the sphere at present assigned; but it is past history I am about to relate. It is seven years since you left our city; and though you have been kept acquainted with the leading facts of my history, you know but little of the common routine of my life. When altered circumstances and the sickness and death of some near to me, rendered withdrawal from public and the performance of home duties imperative, I could not understand the dispensation. I had taken so much pleasure in doing good, in visiting the poor—had been so foremost in societies and schools, that now to *do nothing* was painful in the extreme. I thought myself calculated for a wider sphere of usefulness, and felt I could easily have borne the loss of affluence and position in society, if God had only allowed me to work for him. I felt a sort of contempt for the household avocations now necessary, considered the culinary department quite derogatory to my intellect, and shrunk from taking any pleasure in the discharge of these duties as from a sin, *because they were not religious*. How kindly did God bear with me, removing by degrees the veils that hid my motives from my sight, and revealing, as I could bear, the truth, that self, self, was still an undethroned idol. He brought me to see that the sum and substance of religion consisted in being able to say, 'Thy will be done;' and thenceforward to the attainment of this great object was devoted all my

energy. God smiled on the endeavor. My belief in a special Providence became vivified. I saw God in every event. His will was revealed in each successive dispensation—nothing seemed trivial—nothing was unimportant. At times I shrunk from what seemed almost the desecration of thus combining Deity with things of earth, but the command ‘whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God,’ sustained me, and I pressed on. To others I may have seemed a mere household drudge, with a mind subdued and broken down to its narrowed sphere, but I was self-conscious of an energy of purpose, nay, of divine energy, that bore me unceasingly along. I found it required a greater fixedness of determination to do or suffer as the will of God imposed, than it had done in previous times, to attract the admiration of my friends, and I understood and fully believed the following remarks of Professor Upham, ‘That the beggar who strolls from door to door, and who solicits and receives his scanty pittance from those he meets, may really exhibit an energy of purpose, unknown and unhonored though he may be, which, in other situations, would lead to admiration and fame. The poor man, who, from the situation in which God has placed him, is obliged to spend his time in the discharge of some menial office, as he repeats, from dawning day till setting sun, the ceaseless round of his labors, may exhibit an energy of purpose as real and as great as that which has characterized the most devoted missionary in heathen lands. And though no human eye may regard him, no human tongue applaud him, he may be as acceptable in the sight of God.’ Viewed in this light, dear Susan, irksome duties became pleasant; God enabled me to bear his imposed burden humbly, willingly, rejoicingly, and I constantly proved that a ‘sanctified cross is a store-house of spiritual blessings.’ The lesson being learned, His gracious providence has seen fit to place me in circumstances where I may again outwardly labor for him; and I bless the grace which, in dethroning self, and making God my centre, renders all things equal in my estimation so that his will be done.”

Ellen paused, and after a lengthened silence Mrs. L. said,

“I have, as I promised, listened patiently, nay, gladly received the truths you have set forth, and prayed for the Divine blessing; but if you wish me to profit by your experience, you must help me to reduce the knowledge to practice, and you must help me very simply, too, bearing with my ignorance and dullness. When we were eighteen, I was considered your equal in intellect; but at twenty-five I feel that your mind has taken rapid strides, while mine, if it has not retrograded, is stationary. What do I need first?”

“Faith—*faith in God’s providence*. You must believe that to a child of God nothing can occur without God’s appointment or permission. This point

gained, you must next have *faith in God’s promises* that you shall not be tempted above that which you are able to bear, and that, if you cast your care upon him, he will sustain you. And from this you will easily rise to *faith in God’s declaration* that all things work together for good to them that love him. And when these attainments are made, dear Susan, where can be rebellion of heart, or repining of spirit, or discontent with circumstances? Nature will rebel against the crucifixion of self necessary while we are studying the lesson; but the peace consequent upon the knowledge of it, is worth all sacrifice, all suffering. Our God himself calls it ‘a peace which passeth understanding.’

“And to attain this child-like, perfect faith, Ellen, what is necessary?”

“Entire consecration of your whole being to God, in as far as you now understand what consecration is, and a fixed determination to do any thing, or suffer any thing, or sacrifice any thing which increasing light shows you to be necessary. In such a state as this, your prayer finds immediate access to the throne—light is given as you are able to bear it—instant renunciation of that which is shown you to be wrong follows, and your strengthened faith rejoices in its power of working by love and purifying the heart. You feel that the full benefit of your Savior’s death is not secured by your salvation from hell and your justification before God, but that your salvation from sin, in being made a partaker of the Divine nature, in the restoration of that image which Adam lost, is the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus; and to a soul thus pressing on to the attainment of this object, as sure as God is true, the object is attainable. The time may be longer or shorter, the struggle may be more or less severe, but faith will overcome every difficulty, and living or dying the heart will know *repose*.”

“And what shall I first do, Ellen?”

“Begin this very night, Susan, to accustom yourself to think on God as having a special purpose of saving *you*—co-operate with him in this his great design. You are called to be a co-worker with him. Be thankful that he has not imposed a heavy trial, and do not make it necessary for him to send such. If your servants are careless—if your children are troublesome—if you are prevented from attending public worship, or are in any degree cut off from intellectual conversation, remember that these are the trials appointed you at present for your growth in grace. Do not hesitate to say, ‘This is to teach me patience’—‘this is to turn me away from earthly good’—‘this is to lead me to depend entirely upon God.’ Do not fear that such constant reference to God will degenerate into irreverent familiarity. Ah! if religion were made more of a household matter—if this recurrence to the will of God were more common among Christians, we should not so often subject our profession to the sneer of the worldly

philosopher, nor exhibit a clouded brow and restless spirit under the common dispensations of the day, while yet loudly declaring our willingness to do or dare for Christ."

The entrance of Mr. Ludlow from his counting-house ended the conversation of the friends for the time, and, after the usual family devotions, each retired. *Was it to think, and pray, and resolve?*

BENEVOLENT ACTION.

BY D. FELLOWS, JR.

CHRISTIANITY in action seems eminently demanded in this age of progress. Society in its different departments is carrying out great principles, (so called;) our common humanity is being urged upward, occasionally with an almost volcanic force; yet, manifestly, general tendencies are upward, and that in a good sense.

In religion we have much of profession; indeed, profession seems, in a thousand instances, to be easily elicited. In assuming the Christian name, no dangers or disabilities are incurred; and hence obsequious thousands cheaply take upon them the livery of the Christian. Where, then, are we to look for that which is absolutely *distinctive* in Christian life? Who shall trace out, in living reality, the fair lineaments of pure religion, thus becoming the embodiment and exposition of its heavenly teachings? Perhaps nothing connected with practical Christianity is more impressive than its benevolence; and benevolence never appears more winning, never shines in human character with a diviner radiance, than when its actings are put forth in female life. In looking abroad among the multitudes of females who have taken upon them the solemn engagements of religion, we are pained to observe that few, comparatively, are aiming to be useful to the *extent* of their ability.

The beautiful ideal of a benevolent life seems occasionally presented to the mind, but, in most instances, rather to dazzle and repel, than to influence and attract. How much would be gained to religion, how much to morals and to humanity, if every fair votary of the cross, instead of indulging the mere sentimentality of religion, would *act out* its blessed promptings! Actions speak with a voice of authority, and command the heart's respect. When the devoted daughter sustained at her own breast a doomed father, the transaction exhibited filial love with a power that no mere oral instructions can boast. When external decorations, and all the gaudy show of the vain, are laid aside, and the stream of means that supplied these unnecessary and injurious vanities is turned to benevolent purposes, and made a blessing to the needy, the sick, and the friendless, such acts evince that the actors know the grace of

our Lord Jesus Christ, and feel its mighty impulses stirring within them.

The example of those illustrious women who were connected with the early Methodist societies, ought to be more diligently considered, and more deeply felt. Then the startling, interesting fact would be realized, that they lived far more for others than for themselves; that nearly all their surplus means were given to God and the poor; yea, and out of their very necessities they raised a revenue for charitable purposes.

Thus it will be seen, that, to their power, yea, and beyond their power, they were ready to labor and to sacrifice for the good of others. How feeble are the speakings of the "monumental marble," in comparison of the voice of these unassuming charities and good works.

And let none of our fair readers imagine that a bare competency, or even a humble condition of life, will excuse them from the obligation to make efforts and sacrifices in doing good. We may not wait till we can do "some great thing." That unobtrusive kindness, that act of the *right hand* unknown to the *left*, those "two mites" opportunely contributed, and connected with "prayer ardent" that "opens heaven," shall be a sweet odor before God, and shall bless "him that gives and him that takes."

At the same time, the luxury of the donor's sympathy shall be tasted by the recipient, and the balm of kindly feeling shall shed its healing influence on the wounds of the sufferer, and shall be more grateful than the benefaction itself, and thus shall the heart of the sufferer dance with joy under the consciousness that he is cared for.

Constituted as woman is for sympathy and benevolence, and participating the efficient motive power of the love of God, she moves sweetly, delightfully forward in benevolent action, undaunted and undiscouraged amid embarrassments and difficulties, nay, gathering strength and courage amid disaster and defeat, rallying and coming to the rescue when the sterner sex would despair of success in benevolent effort. Every occasion on which good may be done should be hailed as an arrangement of God made in our behalf, and the stream of benevolence should be permitted to gush out and irrigate a famishing world.

Thus would the blessed impulses communicated to our nature at the time of its regeneration, increase in power, the heart would be expanded and freed from the malignant influences of a sordid worldliness, and the feeble stream of benevolence would be swelled to an overflowing river, watering the earth, and making it as "the garden of God."

"OPPORTUNITY," says Bond, "is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ERWIN HOUSE, A. M.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, on the fifteenth day of August, 1771. His father was a man of great moral worth, and esteemed universally by his acquaintance. His mother possessed an amiable disposition, a lively heart, fine fancy, and, in truth, almost every qualification necessary to render her beloved at home and respected in society. Walter himself partook quite largely of his mother's disposition; but from an unfortunate lameness, he often had his temper tried and his feelings wounded by the mocks of heartless companions, whose highest commendation was the wish to sport with misfortune and deformity.

Added to the infirmity of lameness, young Scott was naturally delicate. It was deemed advisable, consequently, on the part of his parents, to send him from the dust of the city to the free air of the country. Sandy-Knowe, the residence of his paternal grandfather, which was a few miles from Edinburgh, was the place selected for his future home. Here, with nothing but rocks and hills to meet his eye, and nothing but the sheep and lambs for his playmates, he whiled away his daylight hours, and ensconced himself in the evening in one corner of the kitchen fire-place to complete his diversions by listening to the legends of his grandfather. These tales were repeated, with due grace, by his grandmother, and made a lasting impression on the little fellow's mind. One of them, it seems, he himself was continually reciting to strangers, and with such stentorian energy, at times, did he deliver it, that a minister of a neighboring kirk said that he would prefer speaking in a cannon's mouth to speaking in the presence of this boy.

After a limited time, and when in his eighth year, Walter was brought home, and put to school. This, however, he did not relish very keenly, inasmuch as he was confined closely to the school-room, and his teacher was one of those men who dealt unmercifully in hard words and rigid discipline. By extra application he managed, nevertheless, to have a few moments for amusement and leisure. He was a great lover of the poets, and through some mishap discovered a copy of Shakspeare in his father's library. This old book, he tells us, was a rich treasure to his soul, and often, after he had been sent to bed, would he stealthily creep out, seat himself by the fire-light, and revel over the pages of the bard of Avon. Writers of legendary lore were likewise great favorites of his; and it is well known that he loved these far more than he loved the text-books and teachers of the High School. "Come over here," he often used to say to his school-fellow, Balfantyne, "and hear me tell stories."

From the High School Scott was transferred to

the University of Edinburgh, where, however, his residence was very brief. His father deemed the services of his son indispensable to the success of his own business, and set him down to a daily routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a common scrivener. This apprenticeship to his father proved decidedly beneficial to Walter. He acquired habits of business which clung to him through life, and which, more than any thing else, tended to his ultimate success among men. Yet his confinement was not such as to forbid altogether the indulgence of his favorite objects of pursuit. He performed frequent pilgrimages to the Highland and Lowland districts, gathering an item here, a story there, and plotting some great scheme everywhere. After one of these excursions to the country, which he had protracted to rather an unusual length, his father somewhat peevishly asked him what he had been doing so long, and how he had got along. "Pretty much like the young ravens," replied Walter. "I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield. If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," said his father, with great gravity, "I seriously doubt, sir, you were born for nothing better than a gangrel scrape-gut!"

After having passed through a variety of fluctuations in his business occupations, Scott came before the world as an author. His first work was entitled *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It was a strange production, and its youthful author was full of anxiety in regard to the fate it should meet in the world. But his apprehensions soon gave way, and his horizon, on the right and left, cleared up with a wonderful and glorious brilliancy. The dawn of his fame had commenced; and though the firmament was on fire with the glow of Wordsworth, and Southey, and Campbell, and Coleridge, he asked and received the suffrage and the hearts of willing millions.

The first edition of the *Minstrelsy*, consisting of eight hundred copies, was sold in less than a year; and the author, on the publication of a second, received two thousand five hundred dollars from his publisher, which was then considered an enormous price for the work; but the subsequent sale of over twenty thousand copies of it convinced the public that it was no losing affair to the purchaser. Three years after the publication of this poem, Scott took the field as an independent author under the title of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The success of this work was unprecedented. It engaged the attention of the reader, and chained him to its perusal with a magic which none could comprehend or resist. Close upon the *Minstrel* followed another work, styled *Marmion*, which, though replete with passages of transcendent poetic fire, was received by some of his cotemporaries with peculiar coldness.

Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburg Review*, notwithstanding he professed great friendship for Scott, denounced the poem as destitute of every trait of true Scottish nationality and patriotism. This of course did not greatly please Scott, and the result was the establishment of the *London Quarterly* by him—a periodical which did good service to the cause of morals and letters, but which never added greatly to the reputation of its editor, or the pecuniary resources of its publishers.

The *Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, *Lord of the Isles*, and *Halidan Hill* were among the last of Scott's poetical works. The first of these appeared in the year 1811, and elicited almost unbounded admiration. But while his fame was at its zenith, another star arose in the horizon, whose wild and eccentric course, combined with its dazzling radiance, arrested the gaze of every observer. It was the *Childe Harold* of Lord Byron. The splendor of Scott's genius began sensibly to decline, and, before the *Lord of the Isles* had reached its second edition, his publisher came to him with a blank face, and told him his destiny was sealed, and that his attention must be turned to something else. This something else Scott had already divined. It was the composition of *Waverly*—a fiction, in plot and character, altogether superior to any ever published in the annals of modern times. His publisher offered him something over three thousand dollars for the manuscript, which sum Scott somewhat peremptorily declined. He subsequently received twenty thousand four hundred pounds for it, or about ninety-nine thousand dollars in American currency. With this magnificent sum the author of *Waverly* was at last enabled to gratify the one great wish of his life, and that was to purchase and become lord of a Scottish laird, or farm. Whole fields and forests now fell into his hands, and a numerous and dependent tenantry became the subjects of his benevolent heart, or rather the recipients of his charity. Besides land and tenants, he possessed a mansion of his own, whose exterior and interior finish was not surpassed by any of his wealthiest neighbors. The decorations and furniture were of the costliest character, and not unbecoming a baron, or a prince. Here, within a short ride of Edinburg, the situation of Scott was eminently favorable to literary pursuits. He was married to one who had every qualification necessary to a good wife, and whose affection for him was as strong as life itself. When not directly engaged in writing, he passed his time amid the quiet pleasures of the fireside circle. This circumstance, trifling as some may deem it, tended, more than any thing else, to invigorate both his spirits and health, and thus qualify him for the arduous duties imposed on him.

But his residence at Abbotsford was not destined to last for ever. The fabric of this glorious estate had risen, as it were, by the wand of a necromancer, and so it fell. Scott was engaged as partner in

printing and publishing his works; and in an hour when he little dreamed of ruin, a hurricane came upon his publishers and printers, and he found himself a debtor to the amount of near six hundred thousand dollars, besides a mortgage of forty-nine thousand dollars on his estate. A thunderbolt had fallen upon the Great Magician of the North; his property and its glory were irrevocably gone. Yet how did he bear it? Never was such resolution witnessed in a mortal. Without feeling, or appearing to feel the extent of the desolation that had come upon him, he put forth the giant strength of his fortitude, and his moral courage appeared in magnificent play. It had been said by a brother bard,

"That if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals."

Not so with Scott. He had been smitten—smitten to the ground; but he was not killed. Not a hero that he had described could match him in his contest with the rudeness of adversity. His earthly all was gone; and, worse than this, he was insolvent to the amount of tens and hundreds of thousands. This he was determined to meet to the uttermost farthing. With a mournful, though not a desponding heart, he commenced his Herculean task. He took lodgings in a small house in Edinburg, confined himself closely, saw but little company, ate but little, and slept less—resolved on retrieving his lost fortune. In six years time he paid off ninety-six thousand pounds, or near five hundred thousand dollars.

With his health fast failing, and the fondest objects of his affection falling and perishing around him, he resolved to pay all or perish in the effort. And he did perish! The eagle in the highest heaven is often brought to the plain, weltering in its own blood, and dying with the arrow driven by its own feather; and so with the great author. His days were drawing rapidly to a close. His wife, the empress of his heart, as he often said, the only one he loved to love, had died; a son and a daughter had lost their health; his friends, one by one, had sunk away, and all the connections, formed in early life, which had encouraged him in his ascent to fame, were broken up, and he was left desolate. "You must excuse me," he said to a bystander, when visiting Abbotsford for the last time, "you must excuse me: I almost think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.

'Not now the landscape, to mine eye,
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though Evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

'With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,

And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.

'The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?'

Alas, poor Scott! the dreary change *was* in him. A few months afterward his shattered frame gave way, and he sunk to rest in the quiet of the grave. His remains were deposited, according to his last request, in the Abbey of Dryburg, and there they sleep undisturbed by all the turmoils that beset his heart through life.

In connection with the history of the life of Sir Walter Scott there are some reflections, which, notwithstanding the length of this article, we cannot forbear making. We mention, first, his energy of character. In this particular he probably was never surpassed. When but a boy we see him triumphing over lameness and misfortune, and performing feats of physical daring which are enough to make one's nerves twinge in the bare recital of them. Later in life there is a development of this trait of character in his efforts to establish an extensive publishing house in opposition to Constable and Company. Here, for the time being, he succeeded, and that, too, in a manner that none could have equaled. Besides attending to his own personal affairs, which were sufficiently weighty for any ordinary man, he had to drag along, by his solitary momentum, a score of other undertakings, which led his biographer to compare him to a steam engine, with a train of heavy freight cars attached. Toward the close of life an abatement of this energy is visible. He worked when disease was busy at his system; and even as Death stared him in the face, there was no shrinking from the toils which he had imposed on himself.

Another trait, not less remarkable than his energy, was his benevolence. This existed in him almost without limits. To any one in distress, whether friend or stranger, he was ready to tender his assistance; and his only reward was the consciousness of doing well, or the satisfaction of being gratefully remembered by those to whom he offered aid. Allied to this spirit of benevolence may be mentioned his amiability of spirit. He was not one of those little great men who despise others because they are not quite like themselves. He never indulged in a sneer because he was superior to his neighbor, nor threw a shadow over others when they ventured to approach him—thus showing that he had some fears of compromising his dignity in placing himself on an equality with ordinary persons. He had a heart all kindness. He had a word of encouragement for every one who sought his acquaintance—a feeling of sympathy which made the lowest feel quite equal with him, and at home in his company. There was something in his manners eminently calculated to

dispel that icy reserve and awe which his great name was apt to inspire. And yet there was nothing trivial and vulgar in his deportment. Every thing was in accordance with the strictest propriety, and still every thing was free and familiar. His attachment to personal friends was very strong. His school-mate, John Ballantyne, though unworthy of any special regard from the great author, received the most marked attention from him. When Ballantyne was upon his death-bed, Scott visited him, and evinced his fondest regards for him. And after he had closed his friend's eyes, and followed his remains to the grave, Scott mournfully said, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth."

Walter Scott was one of the few men of his age who set a just estimate upon the value of time. Not a moment went to waste. Conversation was always one of his favorite methods of passing time; but for idle, heartless fiddle-faddling he had no patience. Life was not long enough for such folly. His hour for retiring, through the greater part of his life, had been quite late; but toward the close of life he made a rule to retire early, and to rise regularly at five o'clock the year round. This rule he observed scrupulously until the day of his death. Early rising he inculcated upon all his literary friends as the best plan of promoting long life, free spirits, and success in all mental undertakings.

There are other points worthy of note in the character of Walter Scott, which will readily recur to those who have read his life in detail, or who are in the least familiar with his works. We cannot, however, mention more than one more. We refer to his religious belief. Some of his admirers have suffered themselves to be so dazzled with his genius as to confound it with his religion. That Scott had morality of the loftiest kind, we have not the temerity to deny. His works, generally, bear evidence of the fact; but we have failed to perceive that his heart was really changed by the influence of the Holy Ghost, and that he was a servant of the Most High. Puritanism, or strictness in religion, it is well known, was ridiculed on every occasion by him. Practical piety was but little better than practical devilism in his estimation. Both, he said, were ultraisms in morality, and deserved equally the execrations of honest men.

In regard to his writings, particularly the prose part of them, known as the Waverly novels, we have but little that is favorable to speak. As specimens of literary finish they are beyond the reach of cavil. As elegant exhibitions of the power of imagination in producing pictures of inimitable grace and beauty, nothing in the English language can be cited as competing successfully with them. But any thing further than this we cannot go. Their moral tendency may not be altogether pernicious; but we doubt much whether that tendency can be

said to be beneficial. In what manner and to what extent they qualify the reader for the right appreciation of the duties of life, we know not. Neither is it in our power to tell what better members of the social and domestic circle the readers of the Waverly novels are made.

We are expressing views, no doubt, which come directly in opposition to public sentiment; at least, to the sentiment of a very large class of community. Mr. Prescott, whose opinion, in matters of a literary character, is entitled to as much respect as that of any living man, does not hesitate to recommend the reading of Scott's novels. But, with all deference to the views of Mr. Prescott, we beg leave seriously to dissent from him; not so much on the ground, however, that we can as satisfactorily refute his logic, as he is ingenious in its construction; but on the ground that Scott himself disapproved, on his dying bed, of fictitious works, and recommended to his surviving son-in-law never to waste his time in perusing them. "Bring me a book," said he to Lockhart, when conscious that he must soon depart, "bring me a book, and sit down by me and read." "What book," inquired Lockhart. "There is but one book in the world," responded the dying novelist; "bring me the Bible. When I am gone, read it for yourself, and remember my last words to you: nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie down here."

And thus Sir Walter Scott, the enchanter whose spell had entranced thousands, departed from this world. There was nothing in the future but darkness for him. The light of heaven gleamed not on his soul; the hope of endless life swelled not his bosom; the voice of a Savior, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life," saluted not his ear. He had enjoyed but little of true happiness in the world; he had met with much disappointment, and experienced a thousand sorrows in his pathway. How full, then, of deep and melancholy truth those words, uttered by him to a friend a few moments before he breathed his last, "You are right, dear Willie; there is no rest for poor Walter but in the grave!"

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

AUTUMN, kind monitor of death,
We bow to thee;
We love the music of thy breath—
Its melody.
The summer breezes well may float
In gladness;
But not so thine—thy music note
Is sadness.
The low tones of the sighing breeze,
The fragrance of the dying flower,

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The faded foliage of the trees,
The leafless vine that decks the bower,
Each in its beauty seems to be
A trophy of thy victory.
The Christian views with thoughtful heart,
Nature's decay—
The bright, the fresh, and beautiful,
Passing away.
In every flower that decks the sod,
He sees the penciling of God;
And while he mourns that it should lie
Fading in death, he learns to die.
The spring-time, in its loveliness,
Will soon be here;
Nature again her beauteous dress
Of life will wear.
But he can view by faith the spring
That will eternal verdure bring—
Where scenes of beauty, all too bright
For earth, will meet his ravished sight;
O, Death! thy power can never bring
One cloud, to shade that radiant spring.

WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM FORD.

WASHINGTON! the name I love—
Write it on the heavens above;
In the galaxy of fame
Gleams his pure and spotless name;
Mark it in the heavens high,
Brightest star on freedom's sky.
Father of a country free;
Noblest son of liberty;
Model of each following age;
Glory's uncorrupted sage;
Marked in destiny's high plan;
Friend of virtue, friend of man!
At his tomb, on bended knee,
Patriots pay their homage free,
Swearing, on a freeman's grave,
To protect the boon he gave;
While the great, the good, the fair,
Go admiring pilgrims there.
High upon the dome of fame,
Graven is that deathless name;
And, by love's celestial art,
Chiseled on a nation's heart;
While it floats on every breeze,
Over continents and seas.
While a statesman honors God—
Where a freeman's foot hath trod—
Sacred to each noble soul,
Round the earth, from pole to pole,
Shall be, till time's course is run,
Our immortal Washington.

THE INDULGENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. x, 5.

"WHAT are you thinking about, Grace?" said Mrs. C. to her niece, as they sat together in the twilight hour, apparently watching the last rays of the setting sun, from a piazza which overlooked a scene of imposing beauty. The small calm lake, the distant lofty hill, the variegated foliage of a miniature American forest, the garden so tastefully arranged, had but a few moments before been glowing beneath the rays of a September sun; but now brightness had vanished, and all nature seemed to seek repose. The gazers on that glorious scene had unconsciously yielded to the stiling influence, and for the last hour had seemed all unmindful of each other's presence. Of the younger this was true. A timid, retiring exterior concealed a highly-imaginative nature, which reveled in the romance of fiction, and was now lost in the day-dreams of a youthful mind; and she knew not that her aunt had, for the last half hour, been watching her with anxious, affectionate interest.

Grace was her favorite niece—a darling brother's eldest child, intelligent, affectionate, pious, but inclined to the indulgence of a morbid melancholy, which proved the existence, in some degree, of perverted thought and ill-regulated feeling. That aunt had suffered long and deeply from similar causes, and those sufferings had taught her sympathy with one in whom she recognized the same constitutional traits, which, to herself, had proved a bane to abiding happiness for many years, even after she had rejoiced in the consciousness of regenerating grace; and as she gazed on her beloved niece, she felt a deep yearning to snatch her from the indulgence of those imaginations, the influence of which she had so sadly felt. "O, if my experience could avail aught!" she mentally exclaimed; and then, as the remembrance of past unnumbered prayers, that all her conflicts might be sanctified to others' good, rushed through her mind, she felt anew the energy of faith, and turning to her niece remarked, "Of what are you thinking, dear Grace?"

Grace started from her reverie, blushed, and rather hesitatingly replied, "Thinking, aunt? I don't know; I believe I was not thinking at all—only ruminating—lost in dreamy bliss."

"And you find that a profitable employment, Grace?"

"Why, no, aunt, not exactly profitable, but very delightful."

"And you feel unchecked in conscience, for such indulgence, dear?"

Grace hesitated a moment ere she replied, and then answered, "Surely the mind must have relaxation, and I indulge it in this way, upon the same principle that I read amusing books."

"You have parried my question, Grace; but I will not press it now. I will admit your assertions as foundations for our discussion. The mind must have relaxation, if it has been severely tasked; and I am not fully prepared to condemn amusing books. The points to be settled are, what kind of relaxation the mind, the Christian mind, must have, or may have, and how far amusement simply may be sought, either in reading or in rumination."

"A deeply-interesting discussion that will be to me, dear aunt, though I have a half consciousness I shall be utterly condemned; and the idea of parting with all my imaginings seems to me now like yielding half my life; and yet, at times, I seem to have a glimmering perception, that that is required of me, if I would become spiritually strong and happy."

"That feeble perception inspires me with courage, Grace; for on this subject I feel like one who, having submitted to a painful operation, am still quivering alive to every incision and severance; and only the hope of arresting your malady, in its comparatively incipient stages, could make me morally strong enough to review the whole minutely, and, by depicting to you the maturity of what you deem a harmless indulgence, inspire you with resolution, by the grace of God, to turn from it ere confirmed habits have made it a second nature."

"I am half alarmed already, aunt, but only half," said Grace, smiling; "for I have reason to know that you are, or have been, highly imaginative; and yet, before the age when folly must, of necessity, die a natural death, I see you practical and sober-minded to a proverb."

"Think you so, Grace? That only proves that you cannot yet read human nature deeply. But, suppose it true, is it nothing to you, just starting in your Christian course, to anticipate a dozen years of conflict and tears, of false views slowly rectified, of consequent crippled action and feeble influence? Would you not rather anticipate clear views, right judgment, decisive efforts, and rapid advancement in mental and moral strength?"

"Most certainly I would, dear aunt," said Grace seriously; "but I do not apprehend the connection you seem to make between the indulgence of what I will acknowledge to be foolish ruminations, and that utter weakening of Christian character. I never thought of it as absolute sin, and therefore never anticipated ill results."

"That I fully believe, dear Grace. At sixteen our judgment is apt to be incorrect on most subjects; for we are then putting away childish things, and yet can scarcely grasp those of mature years. Those few years are a sort of transition state. Happy are

they who at that time are aided by the corrective power of Christian light and influence. This is your privileged state; but as your experience is not powerful, it will require the most incessant watchfulness to keep your purpose firm amid the numberless temptations which press upon you.

"This subject, Grace, the proper use of the imagination, is to me a most perplexing one. I am not clear in my own mind, though I have sought light from every available source. I asked Professor Up-ham for a chapter, and he promised it when time and health would permit. I intend, also, to throw abroad the challenge in the *Ladies' Repository*, hoping that the editor or his correspondents will give us some direct, practical information on the subject. In man's Adamic state the balance of power was perfect, both in his moral and mental nature; yet when I thus contemplate him, I cannot divine what field was given to the imagination. Perfection was written on all he gazed upon, while no irregularity disturbed the harmony within. Adoring contemplation must have been the predominant emotion. In the fallen state, the unceasing effort of the imagination seems to be to depict scenes and characters, which a perverted judgment, blind to spiritual loveliness, deems perfection. And though they are but the Edens of their own imaginings, they are far superior to the actual state of this world of sin. The scenery of a novelist is as perfect as his ability will enable him to paint: the chief characters are a combination of all that he admires; the denouement, generally speaking, leaves his heroes and heroines in a state of perfect happiness. This faculty in young and ardent minds continually aspires to perfection, though wrong in all its efforts. When perfection was man's moral and mental atmosphere, enlargement, or the contemplation of things entirely heavenly, seems to have been the only mode of exercising the imagination; yet as judgment, memory, will, affection, all, have an earthly sphere of action, my reason tells me that this most troublesome one has also a sphere of useful exercise.

"But I will leave the abstract question until I receive further information, and turn to that which is clear and unquestionable. As Christians, Grace, as Methodist Christians, we are taught to aspire to the perfection of our moral nature—whatever retards or prevents that issue, must be sacrificed, though it be as 'the cutting off of a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye;' and while there are general laws that bear on every case, constitutional temperament, previous education, and outward position, create others, which, to an enlightened conscience, are just as binding as the written moral law. They may be deeply inward—they may be like the cutting of the heart-strings—they may cause our dearest friends, of different temperament, to smile at the supposed necessity; and yet, to our own consciousness, (especially when we have learned to study and

know our own peculiarities as no other human eye can know them,) they may be as necessary to our own salvation as the observance of any of the Ten Commandments. They are of course inferentially embraced. By this rule, then, I can settle the question, how far I may yield to the reveries of my imagination, or strengthen them by the perusal of exciting works, or be amused in any way at the expense of spiritual profit; and while my limits cannot, do not embrace all, they do inclose you, Grace, and all young Christians of a highly-imaginative temperament.

"You plead that the mind severely tasked requires relaxation. I grant it; but yours is not severely tasked. The lawyer, pondering over legalities until his brain aches with the contemplation of distinctions without a difference, may turn to Scott's novels, or even Dickens' lighter works, and find only healthful recreation. The physician and the merchant, weary with the ills and anxieties of life, may turn to fictitious scenes of joy and gain, if they have sufficient time for them and the Bible too, with its realities of hope and fear; but young women, Grace, who are spared the toils of life—who have living objects for their warm affections and tenderest sympathies—Christian women, who are surrounded by the poor and the sick, the destitute and dying, have but little time to expend their sympathy and interest on unreal persons or imaginary scenes."

"Then you would debar me from all fictitious reading," said Grace, rather sadly.

"Not exactly, Grace; I could not if I would. The taste for fiction is natural, implanted, it seems to me, by God himself; for all nations, from the most degraded to the most refined, have their fables and their romance, and love them deeply too. The child in the nursery cries for stories, and 'Mother Goose' tales yield unto most unmeasured delight. We send it to Sunday school, and the library teems with tales without real foundation, of good or bad children, as the case may be. And often the taste is thus formed and strengthened. I would not tear from you rudely, at your age, with your fairy visions all unbroken, all that is unreal and illusory. The youthful vision is not strong enough to bear a clear view of life's painful realities, and the youthful heart would break could it foresee the disappointments and sorrows of its maturer years. God has not done so, even in this sin-perverted world. Children and youth are, generally speaking, left to hope and joy, except in Christian England, where the miserable operatives are matured in wretchedness ere infancy is merged in youth; and childhood's tears are ever flowing—not for the toys, but for the real necessities of life. Those are not God's arrangements. The brightness of hope ought to gild youth's clear horizon; and we must 'hope for that we see not.' The untried future calls for its strongest exercise; and to youth is given warm feelings,

generous impulse, ardent desire; and they press on with uncontrollable interest, to grasp that unrevealed reality, happy only if they 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.'

"Do not, then, so sadly conclude, dear Grace, that I would rob you of all your treasures. There is much that is sweet and instructive in poetry and prose, to which I would invite your longing taste, and at another time I will specify more minutely; but *you*, Grace, mind I say *you*, need to be more guarded than three-fourths around you—to be more resolute and more self-denying respecting general literature, or you will find your religion becoming fainter and fainter, until, perhaps, it dies within you. I will illustrate what I mean by a chapter of my own experience, though it is painful to draw aside the veil which shrouds my youthful follies. From earliest childhood I dreamed dreams and saw visions. I read the usual amount of story-books, but felt more than their usual influence. To outward eyes I was a quiet, reserved, uninteresting child. Clairvoyance would have revealed, even then, a restless, dissatisfied spirit, living in other scenes, and grasping more than I could ever have. At twelve years of age I had frequent access to a circulating library, and for the next three years I reveled in works of fiction. But happily for me, Grace, the vicious French trash, the polluting stream of foreign literature, had then not overflowed our land; and with the deepest gratitude I have since realized my entire preservation from all that would pollute the youthful mind. I cannot remember reading one bad book, though I selected them simply as their titles pleased me; and I mention this fact to prove, by results, that some temperaments may be poisoned by far less than arsenic. Those years were to me, out of school hours, one long dream. I courted solitude, and am sure I must have appeared selfish. I did not make myself the heroine of my visions. I never had sufficient self-complacency to find even a foundation for perfection in myself. I formed a world with an unclouded atmosphere, and an unscorching sun—I robed it in Eden beauty of foliage and flowers—I peopled it with inhabitants, who combined (according to my young ideas) all mental and moral goodness—I admitted just enough of sorrow to develop proper sympathy; and then they acted in all desirable spheres. I never wearied of my own creations. Some of them lasted years, and became as real as the sisters by my side: indeed, so strong and vivid were those unreal things, that now, after the lapse of years, I can recall, and could depict them, as clearly as the scenes of any book which I have ever read.

"At fifteen I experienced religion, but not with that power which at once breaks up wrong habits, and turns the strong tide of youthful feeling in its impetuous course. My light was feeble, my ignorance great, my wrong mental habits uncommonly

strong; for, being concealed by a calm, gentle exterior, they were not manifest to the parental care, which sedulously corrected all outward exuberances and deficiencies. Unaccountable as it may seem to other temperaments and well-regulated minds, yet do you mark it well, dear Grace, though I have never doubted that at that time I really experienced regenerating grace, instead of rising in its strength, and banishing earthly visions for the glorious realities of spiritual life, I, in a great degree, threw my religion into my dreams, and still slumbered on. My favorite personages experienced religion when I did, and I engaged them in all beautiful scenes of benevolence and kindness. I built churches, endowed colleges, and sent forth missionaries, and anticipated the millennium; and just here, Grace, I think you are standing. You would shrink from that which is manifestly wrong; but you dream over that which is practically right. You waste more time in arranging duties and circumstances for yourself, than you improve in fulfilling those which Providence has evidently assigned. You must forgive me if I err in making my character, at your age, a transcript of yours; but I will utter a paradox, which I think you will understand. I was less divested of self, in my imaginings, after I experienced religion, than before, because I then admitted the idea of an extraneous influence, which could fit me for any sphere; therefore, no present incapacity was an insurmountable barrier, and I could be a missionary in Asia or in Africa far easier than I could instruct the heathen who resided in my native village. Light increased with revolving years, my perception of Scriptural things became clearer, and I gradually apprehended that I was to relinquish what seemed, as you have expressed it, Grace, half my life. I cannot depict those struggles and those tears, the conflicts and the failures, for those habits were of iron strength. I have smiled to read dissertations by grave men with mathematical minds, on the evils of romance and unchecked imagination; not that they are not true, but to the reality they are like the logical speeches of sober men on the agonies of intemperance, compared to the burning eloquence of Mr. Gough, who describes not only what he has seen, but what he has felt, in words of fire. During this weary process, I many times felt just what a drunkard has realized in the hour of strong temptation. I have been drawn, it seemed to me irresistibly, to the book-case which contained the desired gratification. I have laid my hand upon it, and drew it back—I have pondered, and struggled, and yielded, and then wept tears of shame over my moral weakness. And it was long, O, it was very long, before I became strong to resist. But increasing inward light, combined with the severest outward providences, pressed home the stern realities of life so fearfully upon me, that my 'idols were shattered, my day-dreams fled.' And so great and real was

my inward desolation, at times, that I could exclaim, with the poet,

'I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all save he departed.'

Afflictive providences were sanctified, Grace, and religious views and feelings strengthened, until there was no voluntary withholding of thought and feeling, of purpose and action; but I have never ceased to feel the influence of those early habits. If I had grown up with proper views of life, I should have looked upon sin and sorrow as inseparably connected with it, and have gradually become accustomed to the view. The sudden awakening created an overwhelming sadness; and the full consciousness of imperfection within, without, around, in all I loved, and the assurance that all this must be and would be while life should last, placed my sensitive spirit in a moral thornbush, which pierced at every step and every turn. In this actual world defects are so prominent that I scarcely apprehend beauty. The loveliest scenes are transient, the sweetest flowers fade, the dearest friends are smitten, and all this in contrast to what the visionary made real in her unearthly Eden.

This infirmity colors my most sacred views. As a Church we aspire to perfection—not heavenly, not Adamic even, I know with perfect theory. The purification of the moral nature, the heart abidingly right with God—O, what an oasis in this desert of sin! How beautiful the idea, how invigorating the hope, how glorious the realization! yet oftentimes, to my morbid feelings, a cloud settles upon all the glory. How imperfect is the outward manifestation generally! Incorrect judgment leads to mistaken action. Defects of previous education, habits, and manners, cleave to the holiest persons. 'The charity that hopeth all things,' is never called into exercise, and my millennial dreams must tarry for their accomplishment. The effect on self is prejudicial likewise. Every mental, moral, and physical defect is painfully vivid. I know that I am encompassed with infirmity; that intellectual action is defective—my moral nature weak; that I shall never grasp that to which I aspire, until 'this mortal shall put on immortality;' and I am tempted to sadness, to impatience, to weariness of life, and experience far more of the sufferings of crucifixion than dear friends around me, who are pressed with heavier trials. I have not told you half, Grace, for there are some things never to be described; but have I not told you enough to make you believe, that a habit of reverie is not harmless; that, placed in this world to act and suffer, we have no right to form another, in which to dream and be amused; that any habit which tends to weaken judgment, to create morbid feeling, to waste the only life which is probationary in character, and which, therefore, must and does exert an influence on our immortality, ought not to be indulged

in by a Christian, even though the logical proof of cause and effect may not at all times seem perfectly clear?"

"You have, indeed, made it a serious subject, dear aunt; but my conscience has responded to the truth of your remarks. I do think more of the future than the present. My mind is not abidingly spiritual, and the practical employments of life are irksome; and since my return from school, I have been frequently conscious that I disappointed my dear mother, by my evident dislike to what I know are duties. But I want more definite instructions. I cannot draw the boundary line, and feel just now confused and uncomfortable."

"I do not doubt it, Grace. No girl of your age should trust her own judgment, if she has an experienced friend willing to direct her. Ponder what I have said to-night; examine anew your prominent characteristics; pray for strength to abide by the light which shineth, and at another leisure hour we will resume the subject practically."

Grace looked sad during the remainder of the evening. But as medicine generally increases the sickness which it eventually removes, so her aunt rejoiced in hope, that the unpalatable truths to which she had listened, would in due time work their healthy moral results.

THE WITHERED WHITE ROSE.

BY MRS. E. L. S. COWDERY.

"Here, take this withered rose; 'tis an emblem of my heart's history."—ANNETTE.

AND like to a human heart art thou,
Frail, lone, and withered rose,
With its perished hopes, of joyous youth,
And weight of untold woes?
Once thou wert sweet in thy leafy home,
The purest blossom there;
And hope was bright, for thy days to come,
To find thee still as fair.
But a blight fell o'er thy pride of bloom,
And warned thee of decay;
Thy petals withered, ah me! too soon
Thy fragrance died away.
And thus, O thus doth the heart's frail joys
All wither, day by day,
Its brightest visions fade from sight,
As shadows pass away.
There's much to blast, in our dark world,
The youthful spirit's hope;
And once light fancy's wings close-furled,
They ne'er again will ope.
Yet, when the soul, with its trials o'er,
Rises above the tomb,
It may find, perchance, on that bright shore,
A fadeless rose in bloom.

THE MIND IS A FORT OF SAFETY.

BY REV. A. CARROLL.

THAT undying principle, called soul, is of greater or less strength in and of itself, and may be compared to a fort, or fortified place—a place surrounded with means of defense—a castle of safety. It then embodies the idea of strength and safety. Of course, the weaker it is, the less safety may be expected in it. By the soul we mean all those powers that constitute the inward and immortal man. The formation of the head may give some indications of the mind; but as so much is left to the habit and improvement of the powers of mind, it is impossible to know much about it by outward observation. As the observer may know some things by viewing outwardly the dimensions of a fortification, so he may of the mind; but never can he exactly tell its strength till it is properly proved in all its parts; and this is not very easily done, because few have the means, and fewer the access to the mass of mind that moves on this great footstool of the Immortal.

Among the great variety of minds the reader may recognize the following:

1. *The weak and showy.* This mind, or fort, is situated, not in an advantageous site, but in a low place, where the sky is of inky hue, and the atmosphere unhealthy, and all the surrounding circumstances are unfavorable: still, this sort of mind has all confidence in itself, and, by its attractions, receives many guests, but when once received, they find neither shelter nor safety, and are but seldom long retained. The colors and trimmings are calculated to betray; and as the world is converted into eyes and ears, we cannot be astonished to know that sound and show do attract most powerfully, particularly to those who know no distinction in mind. They say mind is mind, whether great or small, and it manifests powers, whether in the storm or the calm; and nothing more natural than to listen to its music, whether calculated to entertain the gay and careless, or breathe in solemn dirges over adult or infant sufferings. Mental weakness seldom retains the secret treasures of its best friend; for it does not keep its own: hence, trust it not. Be careful to whom you reveal your mind, particularly the rare thoughts.

Another sort of mind you will meet with is

2. *The weak and solitary.* This is some better than the former, as it is not so decoying. It lacks vanity, if it does retain the feebleness. Such a fort is not entirely secure. This does not originate from her solitary position, but her weakness. Though, if you are one of those who call light light, whether it emanates from the sun, or flows from the moon, or sparkles from the angle of a diamond, these suggestions are not for you. But understand, we by no means would burden the weak, or afflict the lonely,

but only whisper a memento, that the weak-minded is no reservoir for your confident breathings; you had better throw them toward the "western paradise of clouds," or retain them in your own mind.

Again, we introduce you to another species of soul:

3. *The weak, but generous.* Generosity is a noble quality. It is very praiseworthy. It is that gush of fresh balm that flows from a free-born soul, that throws fragrance all around it on the rich and poor. Rich and lovely, it is cooling to the feverish heart and pleasant to the sight: it hides weakness and strengthens the feeble. After all, this is not the fort for your mind, because the weak, though generous, is susceptible of extravagant passions, which are easily drawn out into hurricanes which desolate the mental powers, when naught but mirth, madness, and folly rave for the ascendant, and find their keenest powers in the last thought of treasured memory, and in turn will throw your jewels to the sportive winds.

Another sort of mind is

4. *The strong and solitary.* This abides like a lonely rock, riven by the lightning shock, but still retaining its firm footing, for that which will not yield must be rent. Doubtless, could you see into such a bosom, you might read the narrative of its own sorrows, which it keeps concealed by the strong hand of its native powers. It is not inviting, because of its solitary position, and, on the whole, is rather repulsive. This is generally owing to its exterior having a dark sky and a hazy but firm atmosphere. After all, there is room and safety within for select thoughts from you or others, which will not be thrown to the passing breeze. There is but one difficulty to be met with: it is on our approach; for around this fort is a "vast cavern, whose stalactites are pendant from the rough roof, and pure streams run among the foundations," now and then creating eddies from which we can scarcely extricate ourselves; but all these difficulties can be surmounted.

The next we introduce is

5. *The strong and lucid.* Comparatively, this mind undergoes no change, and suffers no decay; in a sense, it abides like its great Author. When decay fixes its signet on every thing else, mind remains in itself an undecaying pile, nearest akin to its great Original. Free and fledged, it soars for divine destiny; the mild clouds that float in its sunny atmosphere only tempt it to pour its richest notes on every traveler. In this sad world,

"It pauses just to feel a sigh,
Then bounds in glee away."

It is in possession of noble powers and limitless improvement, drawing pleasure from every source and pearls from the ocean of undying delight, relying for direction on that great book which has "God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without mixture of error for its matter." This soul is

endued with better than the evening incense—the unction of the Spirit. It can be trusted—it is worthy of our confidence. Even apart from the happy influences of religion, a great mind is more trustworthy than a little one. This is our sober conclusion. But no soul is so worthy of our confidence as the religious—as that soul enlightened, purified, and blessed of the Lord, which embodies the following sentiment:

“How sweet, while on this broken lyre
The melodies of time expire,
To feel it strung with cords of fire,
To praise the immortal One, my soul!”

Finally, the idea of reposing confidence in another implies a revelation of ideas by the medium of words. We should thank Heaven for our tongues, but should use them sparingly and prudently. There is great wisdom in a proper use of this member, and great folly in the misuse; therefore, reveal sparingly, for “in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.” To be more particular, “there are two great evils in being a great talker: one is, that you must and will say a great many foolish things. We are all free and equal in this country, and the temptation to use the tongue too freely is very great.” Before the day of steamboats and railroads, Dr. Mason was traveling on horseback in the mountains. Being hungry, he stopped at the “house of a poor woman, and ate some bread and milk with an iron spoon.” On reaching home, and being asked how he fared, he humorously mentioned this meal. The story soon got back over among the hills to his hostess, who meekly said that she was sorry the Doctor should make himself merry with her hospitality; that if she had owned a silver spoon he should have had it; but as it was, she gave him the best she had in the world. Says Mr. Dodd, “On learning this, Dr. Mason felt that he had done wrong, and actually rode fifty miles on horseback to ask the good woman’s pardon!” How much easier would it have been for the Doctor to have dropped a plaudit on the benevolence of this lady! It at least would have saved him some trouble, though we admire his generosity in being at so much pains to relieve her feelings.

To govern our tongues properly, it is requisite that we govern our *thoughts*. Here is where the plague commences. It is like ancient leprosy—it commences within. You recollect of reading in the great book, that when Uzziab, king of Judeh, contrary to the law, went into the temple to burn incense, and was withstood by the priests, whose prerogative it was to minister, “he was wroth with the priests: the leprosy even rose up in his forehead, before the priests in the house of the Lord.” Not unlike some of us, whose leprosy of evil thoughts is brought out by angry, peevish, or vain sensations. By proper training we may guard against evil thoughts, but it is only by *purifying grace* that they

can be thoroughly cleansed. But, what does the writer mean by all this? We mean not much more than this, that all human beings are dependent on their Creator, and in some degree upon each other. None of us are independent. It matters not what our condition may be, the seared heart and troubled mind will seek some friend to whom it wishes to reveal its sorrows; and this is all right. But we should be careful to whom we trust those treasures: it should be, not a common friend, but a *peculiar* one. The loveliest and best is that name “which is above every name.” He is touched with the feelings of our infirmities. Many are touched with our lofty, prosperous, and pleasant sensations, who, when poverty or afflictions mar us, turn their faces to objects more fascinating.

THE PENSIONER.

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BY REV D. F. GRARY.
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DURING the winter of 18—, there were many freshets, which rendered traveling, in the region of creeks and rivers, exceedingly difficult; and many an itinerant preacher was under the necessity of missing his appointments, or hazarding his life to reach them. Full of zeal, and well mounted on my faithful traveling nag, I started to go to an appointment some eight miles distant. I secured a guide who promised to conduct me across a stream that ran between me and my preaching place. We started one cold, wet morning, and reached the water about a mile from the channel of the creek. It had swollen until its bottoms were inundated, and we were soon fairly out at sea, and wading through mud and water at such a rate as almost to rob itinerancy of its romantic character.

There is something real in such a journey, and something so decidedly Methodistic, that few preachers can pass through brush college to graduation, without taking practical lessons in hydraulics and the geography of western quagmires, quick sands, and bottoms; and, as I was in for the full honors of our system, as well as its hardships, I followed my conductor, wisely keeping at a respectful distance behind, lest some unknown pit should engulf my friend and myself, and leave no one to tell the tale of our catastrophe.

We finally reached the bridge over the main stream, and such a bridge perched up on small timbers far above the water. High as it was, it had the appearance of being reared as a kind of trap to catch unwary passers by; but over it we went, glad to get on “*terra firma*,” that is, in water and mud up to our saddle skirts. Another half mile, and we reached the high land; and, bidding my kind guide farewell, I thanked the great Protector for another instance of his goodness, and wet and cold, hurried on to my appointment.

As I rode up to the place of meeting, a small log-cabin, I heard the voices of the little class afar off praising God. None but an itinerant minister can tell the thrilling effect such scenes have upon the soul. I felt humble, grateful, and happy, and my mind was speedily carried to the realms of glory, as I passed over my contemplated discourse on the delightful passage of God's word, "Our conversation is in heaven." Yes, thought I, there is our home bright in the full glories of Immanuel, and I could scarcely keep from crying, "Glory to God," when I was awakened from my delightful reverie by the friendly greeting of many of that lovely band of poor believers.

I began by reading the holy word of God. All was fixed, immovable attention, and tears flowed even then from many whose souls feasted upon God's command, and I could feel that the sentiment of each heart was, "O, how I love thy law!"

An aged man sat before me, and gazed intently at me while reading, and when we sang,

"We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay—
This tabernacle sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands,"

tears ran from the almost sightless eyes of this aged sojourner on the shores of time. I attempted to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. God gave the energy, and freely sent his helping Spirit, and soon we were one in Christ, and nearly all felt that they could read their titles clear

"To mansions in the skies."

The exercises of the class-room are always dear to the pious soul, but doubly so when under circumstances so peculiar, we meet, and rejoice, and sing,

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet."

I finally addressed my aged auditor concerning his pilgrimage and hopes. He raised himself up, and leaning upon his staff said, "I am losing my sight; earth is fading; but O my sight of heaven brightens as I come nearer to my glorious home. I served my country four years in the Revolutionary war. I have been converted to God, and have been serving him many years; and I am almost home. My country kindly provides for my frail, decrepit body, and pays me a pension that helps me here to things temporal; but O, Jesus sends me rations from above, and gives me my daily bread. I have a companion in heaven who lived with me in peace forty years. I have children in heaven. I remember Washington. I want to see my old General again. I expect to shake hands with some of my companions in arms when I get home. O, I want you all to meet me in

that blessed home. I shall soon be gone." We all wept and praised God for his love to us, and our old father, the pensioner.

Now, my reader, do you suppose there are any persons, whether in the great cities, or in the aristocratic little imitations of cities in the country, who enjoy a Christian life any better than we do, in this western forest? Does any of them doubt? Let him come and see us, and when all the rest have been seen, I will bring out the old pensioner, as happy a man as any among the living.

THE WISE CHOICE.

BY H. B. GOODENOW.

In olden time there lived a youthful king, wise and virtuous—a rare circumstance in ancient history. His was a kingdom rich and powerful. With a dynasty irreproachable, a people innumerable, a treasury countless, and capital impregnable, he was possessed of means, it might be supposed, certainly, to obtain earthly happiness. His royal father had but just died, and left him the fruits of a long, successful, and eventful reign, together with the sage counsel and wise commands, which only such a father can give to his beloved son.

Situated in such circumstances, and surrounded by an intelligent court and people, the king, too, of a nation the most strongly marked and Heaven-favored known in the history of the world, we should think him possessed of the sum of this world's pleasure.

Still, with all his piety, he was by no means satisfied either with his earthly or religious enjoyments. He realized the vanity of sublunary things; that he needed help from on high to enable him to discharge the duties of his high station.

At this time, in the visions of the night, upon Mt. Gibeon, God appeared to him and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." Reader, mark the choice; it was neither wealth, nor honor, nor yet long life, but his desire was simply *wisdom*. And see how God honored his choice. He not only gave him his request, but added greatly to his utmost desires. He made him exceed all earthly princes before or that might be after him. His name will endure to latest generations, hand in hand with revelation, as the wealthiest and wisest of monarchs.

If now we wish to be happy, let us imitate this illustrious example. Let us in our prayers ask God to endue us with heavenly wisdom and knowledge, that if we may not be as great, we may at least be as good and happy as Solomon himself.

A CHRISTIAN will find his parenthesis for prayer even in his busiest hours.

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.*

BY HARMONY.

WE all loved LOUISA CARLTON. She was an orphan; and, perhaps, it was this made every heart in the seminary intuitively open, to share with her its wealth of love; or it may have been her own gentleness and womanly goodness that so endeared her to all—I know not; but Louisa was a general favorite. It seemed impossible that she should ever give offense to any one, so caressing were her manners, and so winning even in their waywardness. Early sorrow had cast a shade of pensive thought over her intellectual face, but that rendered it still more lovely and attractive. But her career was brief. It seems to me but as a painful dream, that the bright, beautiful face, so tenderly, spiritually beautiful, with its speaking eyes, and its rich, shining curls, contrasting with the habiliments of mourning, should now sleep in the cold, damp chambers of the grave. Yet it is even so. Louisa had literally been cradled in sorrow, and reared in the shadows of the tomb; but with an intuitive appreciation of the beautiful and the good, and a most affectionate disposition, she passed on in cheerfulness. Though sickness and death were ever around her, life would put forth buds and flowers; for the young spirit is ever full of indwelling sources of comfort. And the “pure in heart” may be cheerful and happy, even amidst cares, and struggle with earthly sorrow. The inherent buoyancy of her loving spirit, her ready and thoughtful zeal for the comfort of those around her, made her as dear as sunshine to the eyes of her dear parents as she fulfilled her gentle duty, as they lay prostrate on the bed of disease. First her father was called away after a lingering illness; then a disease of the nervous system, amounting to insanity, fell upon her mother; and for long months, by day and night, she watched that sad sick bed. Painful, beyond expression, to the heart of poor Louisa were the changes wrought in body and mind of that nearest and dearest friend. But Death laid his hand upon the sufferer, and they bore her poor worn-out form to the silent grave.

But the lonely orphan was resigned; the bitterest portion of the cup had been drained, and the sanctifying presence of grief had brought her nearer to God. Deprived of both her parents, alone and homeless in the world, she looked up, with childlike confidence, to Him who has promised to be a “Father to the fatherless,” and sought calmly to surmount the difficulties of her situation, and to procure some method of obtaining an independent support. She was scarce seventeen when she left school to assume the responsible station of a teacher. She wished to procure a situation as teacher of music. But in all

her attempts she experienced only repeated disappointments. A situation at length offered, as instructress of two young girls, and assistant in plain needle work in a private family, and though not such as she had desired, she felt compelled, in her pressing necessity, to accept of it. Here she had many trials; for her situation was far from agreeable. But the pure and holy influences of the religion of the Savior, was like a bright halo around her pathway, to comfort her, and enable her to tread on in her path unmurmuring. Louisa had a firm trust in Him who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;” and it was this trust and faith which enabled her now to bear up cheerfully, and hope trustingly, that all would yet be well. She was occupied from morn till night in one unending round of the same tedious and monotonous employment, her fine mind craving knowledge which it could not seek; and her heart yearning for the sympathy and love once its portion, but now denied it. Save an hour at early dawn devoted to the study of the word of God, she seldom found time for the gratification of her natural love for literary pursuits; for she was generally too wearied by the exertions of the day to seek it after the family had retired to rest. Here the devoted girl continued for a year deprived of every privilege, and receiving but a trifling remuneration for her services. Bitterly did the lonely orphan feel the want of consideration displayed in the conduct of those who should have bound up her wounded heart.

But in the midst of poor Louisa’s difficulties, she was surprised at receiving a proposal of marriage from a man who had been a frequent visitor in the family, and of more than double her own age—cold, stern, and unbending, and had outlived every thing like sentiment, romance, or passion, years before. Louisa was poor, yet never selfish; and when to her own surprise, the man of wealth offered her a magnificent home and princely fortune in return for her youth and loveliness, she calmly weighed in the balance with her own happiness, her future temporal interests; and when she remembered the trials of her early years, her lonely orphanage, and the uncertain future, she quietly accepted the man of wealth. Louisa’s philosophy may have been correct, but to a young and poetical nature, this bartering a heart for wealth must be ever a sore trial. And Louisa endured brief but bitter anguish, ere she could put calmly aside all the fond hopes that clustered like tendrils around her young and loving heart. Strong and deep were the feelings stirring in poor Louisa’s heart, as she pressed her warm lips to our own and bid us farewell; and then went away with her calm, prudent husband to his splendid home, henceforth to be her own. I could but muse of the trials which might still be mingled in her life cup; for the happy dreams, bright anticipations, and sunny future, often prove but visions in a woman’s life.

Louisa wrote to me soon after she was settled in

* Continued from page 248.

her new and magnificent home. "My husband," said she, "is kind and good; I shall learn to love him. I wondered if a woman might, indeed, school her heart to love the man of her choice after marriage." But ere six months had passed away, I received another letter, informing me that poor Louisa was no more. A malignant fever had hurried her into eternity. But the anchor of her hope was cast within the veil. During the delirium of the disease, I was told her visions were all of angels and of heaven, and that touchingly beautiful were the imaginings that burst forth unchecked from her lips, and how vividly she portrayed the bliss of that better land—that haven of rest where sorrow and death cannot enter. And with the loved ones gone before, she joined in the song of praise. I doubt not she is now with them singing the new song swelling from ten thousand harps and voices, to Him who hath redeemed them by his blood.

LANGUAGE.

BY R. GILBERT.

THE primary elements of language must be sought for in the intellectual nature of man. Of all the animate beings which the infinite Creator has assigned to our world, man only is capable of employing arbitrary sounds as conventional representatives of thought. God, however, has given *natural language* to a great variety of sentient creatures. By natural language we understand those more external manifestations of thought or feeling, which are possessed by brutes as well as by man. The croaking of frogs and the cackling of fowls, the lowing and neighing of herds, and the chirping and singing of birds, are as readily comprehended by these creatures as by man.

1. The elements of natural language in man, as exhibited in the manifestations of love and fear, anger and disgust, pain and joy, are intuitively recognized in all nations and in all ages. But the various exigencies or wants of man demanding a wider range for the exhibition of thought a new auxiliary is called in—the use of *arbitrary sounds* as vehicles of ideas. From the knowledge that we have derived from the rise and progress of many languages, we cannot believe, as some have, that God gave the Israelites from Sinai the Hebrew alphabet, or that man in Paradise possessed a spoken language primarily bestowed by the Creator. Most readily do we acknowledge God to be the bountiful bestower of all intellectual as well as moral good; but having given man the *power* of speech, and an intellectual nature competent to originate artificial language, it would be contrary to analogical reason, to suppose that the Creator would first bestow a capacity, and

then do for man what man himself possessed the power of accomplishing.

2. That there is no natural aptitude in vocal sounds to represent thought, is indisputable from the fact that different nations employ different words or vocal sounds to represent the same thing. Thus the vocal sounds exhibited by the written words, *Elohim*, *Theos*, *Deus*, and *God*, represent in different languages the same idea. If the vocal sound represented by the word *God* were not an arbitrary sign of the Being thus denominated, all nations would intuitively receive the same idea from the same word. If God had given to man a vocabulary of vocal sounds, each *naturally conveying* a definite idea, all nations would doubtless have used but one language, since arbitrary signs requiring much study in their application, would not be substituted in the place of words requiring none.

3. The vast variety of languages and dialects in the world, (some two or three thousand,) has doubtless originated in part from the isolated and uncommercial circumstances of nations and tribes. As artificial language is perfectly arbitrary, it could not be supposed that nations living remote, or having little intercourse, would be likely to adopt the same words as representatives of the same ideas. Whenever a nation speaking the same language has been divided by migration or war, the result has been the formation of various languages and dialects. As in the forest new limbs and fresh foliage succeed the decay of the old, so in language, obsolete idioms and words are succeeded by others. But a dead or unspoken language is like the unchangable petrifications of the vegetable kingdom, remaining indissoluble for ages. Such are the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages.

4. As letters are designed to be the representatives of vocal sounds, which, in combination, constitute words, or rather the representation of words as vehicles of thought, the manner of spelling words is at once obvious. The alphabet of a language should embrace the primary elements of those sounds which, in combination, make words. Any letter in a word that does not represent a sound is perfectly unnecessary. Thus the word *God* is composed of three sounds correctly represented by the letters *g*, *o*, and *d*. But the word *Christ* is a combination of sounds that does not embrace the letters *c* and *h*. Were only those letters employed which accurately represent the elemental sounds of the word, they would be *k*, *r*, *i*, *s*, and *t*. Perhaps half the words in our language have in them letters that do not represent the sounds attached to them. This simple and natural rule, equally adapted to all languages, is strikingly violated in such words as *salvation* and *phthisic*, pronounced *salvashun* and *tizik*, which last letters are the correct representations of the elemental sounds of the words.

When will this boasted age of improvement correct

the orthography of our language? Shall the discovery of the mariner's compass, the invention of printing, the application of steam and lightning to the physical, mental, and moral wants of man, attest our civilization, while we remain Goths in orthography? It may palliate the matter a little, if centuries ago letters were the correct representatives of words; but if, in the progress of time, language, the creature of fashion, becomes changed in pronunciation, why should not the orthography, also, be changed correspondingly. Some improvement, it is true, has been made from time to time; but it does not keep pace with the changes in pronunciation. Dr. Webster rejected the letters *u* and *k* from such words as honor and music. He remarks, that more in the simplification of orthography ought to be done, but he was probably prevented by the fastidiousness of the age.

5. As language is wholly conventional, the standard of grammatical accuracy can only be found in the speeches and writings of the best speakers and writers.

Before I close this article, perhaps already too long, permit me, kind reader, to notice one prominent error in grammar, found, occasionally, almost in every writer. I mean the subjunctive form of verbs instead of the indicative form, as in the following sentences:

"If God *have* [has] allowed us to hold the most intimate and unreserved communion with him; and if he *have* (has) promised," &c.—*Dr. Wayland*.

"If the present world *be* (is) a state of preparation for the enjoyments of that happier region—if this preparation *consist* (consists) in having the principles of love to God," &c.—*Dr. Dick*.

"If any regard *be* (is) due to the general sense of mankind," &c.—*T. H. Horne*.

In the preceding examples, the form of the verb in parenthesis, should be used instead of the preceding form. According to Addison, Lowth, Murray, Bullion, Dr. Webster, and many others, the subjunctive form should not be used, unless *doubt* and *futurity* are both implied; as, "*Though he fall*, (that is, hereafter,) he will rise again."—(*See Bullion's Grammar*.)

"In this subjunctive form of the verb," remarks Dr. Webster, "no distinction is made between the present and future time of an action. If thou *be*, may stand for if thou *art*, or if thou *shalt be*." But the rule I present exhibits the proper distinction.

6. How noble a faculty is speech! How grateful ought we to be to *Him*, from whom cometh "every good and perfect gift!" How many hearts have glowed with holy rapture while reading the *word* of God revealed in human language! How often has vice quailed and virtue smiled with enrapturing joy, while listening to the moving flow of human language! Dear reader, be not discouraged in the attainment of human language. Thy Maker bestowed upon thee no unnecessary power, when he gave thee the faculty of speech.

VISIT TO A CHOCTAW CAMP.

BY REV. WM. GRAHAM.

In the month of June, during the summer of 1846, about two hundred Choctaw immigrants arrived within the bounds of the Indian territory, from the old nation in the state of Mississippi, and camped about five miles from the school where the writer was then located, in the northeast part of the Choctaw nation. The pupils of the institution had several times intimated their desire to see their strange brethren, when the writer and his colleague set out on a sunny Saturday afternoon, with about forty-five Choctaw boys, on our way to the camp. It was one of those calm, hot days, which, in that region of country, continue, with little variation, for four or five months each year; and which render the climate so oppressive to a person from a northern country.

After traveling some four miles, we reached a branch of pure water. Here the boys, in accordance with the Indian custom under such circumstances, strung themselves along the meandering rivulet, as their own singular fancy might dictate, and went through a bathing process. This consisted of repeated applications of water to the face, head, neck, and arms, until they were thoroughly cooled.

On reaching the camp, we found, with very few exceptions, the squaws busily engaged. Some were beating corn for *tomfuller*, (a kind of hommony,) some in plaiting baskets of cane, and others in cooking. While the men were loitering around. Some grazing their ponies; one was making a rude attempt to extort music from an old violin; but as the day was exceedingly hot, most of them were extended upon the green grass beneath the shadowy boughs of the tall forest trees.

Among them were some peculiarly striking, which attracted my attention, and excited inquiry. This was conducted by the aid of my school interpreter, John. One of these was an aged female. The coarse hair of her uncovered head was white as wool, her face was deeply furrowed over with age, and her eyesight was entirely gone. Her age she could not tell; but she could relate, with an agitated voice, circumstances of her early life.

Another object which attracted my attention, was a very odd being, and rude in appearance, but it was human. It was apparently young, but very bulky; unable to walk, or even to move the slightest distance; deprived of the use of its puny arms; deaf, dumb, and almost blind; and apparently destitute of the least particle of human understanding. It was emphatically the most pitiable object upon which the writer has ever been called to look. But the circumstance which rendered the scene most striking was the fact that invalids of this class are rarely, if ever, found among the Indians in their native state. Parents destroy their children early if they are likely

never to be able to pursue their roving habits of life without becoming an incumbrance. But in this case the glorious light of Revelation had dawned upon the minds of the parents, the effect of which, in all cases, is the relief of suffering humanity. And however imperfectly it was understood in this case, it had impressed the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

A third object must become, on account of his superior claims and the length of the present article, the subject of my next; so, gentle reader, adieu for the present.

DEATH IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

BY E. DIAL.

DEAR READER, my story is one of sorrow, yet go with me through it; for it is not all of sadness; for where immortal hope is, there is joy, though in the valley of death. Deep is the darkness that anon gathers over the path of life, and but for the star of Bethlehem, rayless, indeed, would be its gloom. To see a Christian die in the maturity of years, in the full confidence of a bright immortality, is a scene of solemn grandeur, as triumphantly attesting the power of his faith; but to see the young, the gay, the beautiful, called away like flowers of unearthly growth, to be transplanted in their native home of heaven, this is, indeed, the *loveliest* style of death, though that which most harshly grates on the finest chords of the heart's sensibilities. For *them* we do not mourn, but for their loss, and for ourselves.

The pleasant town of S—— is the location of an academy under the control of the Ohio conference. The patronage of the neighboring country and towns to this school is liberal—of both sexes; and many are the associations here formed, which time itself may not sever. Mary W., with her two cousins, Emily and Elizabeth, from a town some forty miles distant, was one of the students of this school. Mary was near fifteen, and the youngest. A native amiability, together with a prudent early culture, seemed to be developing those virtues and graces of character which never fail to win upon the sympathies and love of virtuous associates. With a happy, natural temperament, and with youth's gold-tinted picture in prospect, life seemed to her one eternal May-day, which she had only to witness and enjoy. I need not tell you how much parents loved or friends caressed her—how dear were the loves of schoolmates, or how true was the approbation of her teachers. I leave all these to your imagination. You will do them justice.

Happy months swept away, and the holidays came on—those "high days" with students, and so full of joyous anticipation. Mary and Elizabeth spent them principally with their friends in the country. In the

meantime, Heaven was propitious, and grace fell upon the Church in S—— in living showers, and many of the pupils of the high school were the happy fruits of the same. The young ladies returned from the country. Their cousin, who had remained, was of the young converts, with others of their most intimate associates. For a day or two, Mary was as full of glee and gayety as ever; but an influence was abroad which had melted older and stouter hearts than hers; and she, with her cousin, thought, resolved, and turned, and became happy, thrice happy in the love which makes free. Ah, then were there happy faces as we surrounded the table, or joined in worship in the chapel, or met in the recitation room; and the evening church bell sounded not, but that it was answered by a throb of joy from the hearts of the young converts. The work moved on in power, and, night after night, the altar was crowded with penitents suppliant for mercy; and Mary was ever ready, with a face all beaming with love and heavenly joy, to lead a companion to the altar of prayer, or to whisper words of encouragement at the mourner's ear.

But the spoiler was soon to come, and turn the rich, red bloom of the early rose, into ashy paleness. But he did not come in terror by his unexpected approach, but sent a messenger before, to admonish of his coming. Mary was apparently in perfect health, yet said she to her associates, "I shall not live; but I am happy, and have no fear of death;" "I saw one in mourning last night, and I could not help weeping;" "There seemed to follow me a funeral procession yesterday; I turned expecting to see it, but all had vanished." "I feel that I shall certainly die soon; but I never felt so happy." These remarks were not made all at one time, but as by accident at different times. On Thursday afternoon she was slightly indisposed, and obtained leave of absence before the usual hour of dismissal. On the way to her boarding-house, she remarked to one of her schoolmates, "I am going to die; I cannot be at church to night; do you go, and go forward to the altar." In the evening she said to the young ladies boarding at the same house, "I shall die, girls, but I have got religion just in time to die;" and throwing her arms around the neck of one of them, almost as happy as herself, she said, "We shall meet and be happy in heaven." On Friday morning she arose and walked into an adjoining room; but soon retired. A physician was called immediately, and we were startled by the announcement, that her situation was eminently dangerous. She spoke but few words at this time or afterward. Her parents were sent for; but they were to hear her voice no more. The power of speech was gone. At intervals of ten minutes the most terrible spasms convulsed that delicate form, till the very house trembled beneath us. Life and death seemed to be battling for the mastery, but death was too strong

for life. Precisely at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, just eight days from her conversion, the fluttering pulse was stilled—the death-rattle sounded and ceased—the last deep-drawn sigh escaped, and “life’s fitful fever was passed.” Such was the end of one who “obtained religion just in time to die.” What a lesson to those who are trusting to death-bed repentance! She had scarcely an hour of consciousness in her illness; but all is well. Her peace was made in health, and angels have received their sister spirit.

Will you pardon me, dear Editor, for writing thus in detail. I know you would, if you knew what a sensation has passed upon our community, and, especially, upon the school, by this unexpected visitation. Thoughts which stir the depths of the soul are at work, and while the waters are troubled, let me add one ruffle, if possible, to the swelling wave.

But I hear the tolling of a bell, which, I believe, has never tolled before—the bell of the academy. How many sighs from the companions of Mary answer to the knell! And how many streaming eyes will look, for the last time, upon the lately smiling, but now cold features of the dear girl! But let me assist in forming the train which is to follow, with slow and mournful tread, to the cold, cold grave.

It is done; I have seen that face again, I have heard the clods rattle on her coffin, I have seen the crowd disperse in silence, and I now take my pen to finish my sketch. But to which of my crowding thoughts shall I give a place. Let me call especial attention to one peculiarity in the case of Mary—her presentiment of her early death. She spoke of no premonitory symptoms of disease, but only that life with her was about to close. She felt this; but did not attempt to account for it. Nor did this occur until after her conversion. By what agency had she this presentiment of the terrible king? Are we to suppose that one of the “millions of beings that walk the air unheard, unseen by man,” was sent, the messenger of Heaven, to bear the tidings down? May not a favorite child be warned of coming conflict? May not the still, small voice that whispered peace and pardon to her troubled spirit, have whispered, too, of an early immortality? Perhaps the loves of the angels for their kindred spirit, could not wait to be greeted in their home of the skies, when she should ascend the mount of God; but from the throne of Him whose shadow is the sun, they stooped on easy wing to beckon up the Pleiad to its place. It is on the earth the Pleiad is lost. The skies have claimed their own. Earth’s fairest flowers are too fair for earth.

“To-day they put forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossom;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And then they fall.”

To us they fall; but such a fall an angel might

almost envy. But let me not dwell. Many a tear shall start at the memories which this hasty sketch shall recall. For the heart’s deep sympathies and sorrows are not readily quieted, when life’s young current is chilled in death.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.”

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE duty of mothers in training their children to cherish a reverential regard for their country, and the government under which they live, is one of the most imperious and responsible duties which they have to bear, and necessarily devolves upon them from two important circumstances; the first of which is the influence which a mother exerts over the mind of her child; and, second, the early and frequent opportunities she has of instilling these truths and principles into the minds of their offspring. The influence which a mother exerts over her children, arises from their confidence in her wisdom and uprightness. And, indeed, this confidence is so strong that it is impossible to convince a child that its mother is not its best friend, or could be induced to neglect or harm it in any way whatever. And this confidence and respect exerts an influence over the mind, through all the changing scenes of life, from infancy to old age. If a man be virtuous and useful, the consciousness of a mother’s approbation of his conduct, is one of the greatest sources of happiness to him, and he dwells upon this parental approbation with a feeling of peculiar delight. But if, on the contrary, he should pursue an opposite course of conduct, the same consciousness will haunt him continually, and will be a source of unceasing and unmitigated pain to himself. Let him pursue what occupation he may, still a knowledge that by his conduct he constantly grieves one whom he is bound to love and honor by every law, both social and Divine, haunts him. And this consciousness must act as a check upon his actions, and almost invariably, at some period of life, influence him to forsake the error of his way, and turn his feet to the paths of virtue and right. Hence, we see the fruits of parental training. And from these facts we may observe what unbounded influence woman may exert over the destinies of any government. They may, and, in fact, do, to a certain extent, sceptre and shape the destiny of all civilized governments. And is it not all important that this influence shall be exerted to its utmost extent and in a proper manner? Mothers of America! the destiny of this mighty republic is under your control, and hence the consequent freedom and the political and

moral elevation of humanity throughout the world; for on the success or failure of our political institutions depends, in a great measure, the solution of the momentous question, "Is man, as his nature now is, capable of self-government?" for never, perhaps, will the effort be made under more auspicious circumstances than in our own happy land. Our ancestors were men who knew the value of liberty from experience; and their sons purchased the continuance of the blessing by the sacrifice of every thing they held most dear, many of them not withholding life itself when the sacrifice required it.

Mothers! is not this principle worthy of being instilled into the minds of your children by every means in your power. Certainly this, next to teaching them of the eternal future, should be your greatest care. And will you shrink from the task? No! we are confident you will not; but you will perform it with grace and honor to yourselves; and so doing you will raise your sex to its proper place as a companion and equal of the strong sex.

The second reason why this duty more immediately devolves upon the mother, is the frequent and early opportunities which she has to enforce these truths upon the infant mind. This arises from the fact that the child for the first years of its life is almost continually under the immediate care of its mother. Hence, she can, almost without an effort, fix indelible impressions upon its understanding; for impressions made upon the mind of childhood are more durable than if they had been graven upon marble or brass. Again, mothers, we would ask, will you let this glorious opportunity of rendering incalculable service to the human race pass unimproved? No; it is not possible that you should do it; but the impress of your workmanship will be engraven upon the future destiny of humanity. And when the whole world shall be free and happy, amid the full blaze of millennial glory, they will point to the mothers of America, and say, "It was they that did it; it was they that laid the foundation of universal liberty." And if you shrink not from the task, such is your glorious destiny.

EGOTISM.

THERE are two kinds of egotism prevalent in the world, both of which are equally reprehensible. The first consists in talking of yourself, and giving due prominence to your own excellences; the other consists in speaking ill of yourself, so that bystanders may have a chance of contradicting what you say, and praising you. He who would be respected in life must be cautious alike of praising and blaming himself; for men can readily enough perceive the veil which covers an imperfection, while they will half incline to believe, that one who speaks ill of himself is but proving his character as it really is—in need of mending.

THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY JAMES F. GIVEN.

It is impossible to survey the state of perplexity, in respect to moral truth, in which the classic mind of antiquity was involved prior to the introduction of the Gospel, without being deeply penetrated with a sense of sympathy with them.

Philosophy had pushed its inquiries to the utmost extent of human capacity unaided by revelation, but was still unable to solve many mysteries of the moral world, the solution of which was of the most vital importance to man; it had returned from its most laborious and extensive investigations, and reported that the veil of impenetrable obscurity enveloped that "terra incognita," and sat down and wept over the utter futility of all its inquiries, or constructed, in the absence of real knowledge, theories, beautiful and magnificent indeed, but whose only basis was the phantasms of a fruitful imagination.

Philosophers gazed upon the universe. The design and contrivance, which were displayed in every part, designated it as the production of an infinitely powerful Creator. From this they might have deduced the obvious conclusion, that there is one God, the Maker of all things; but though throughout the material universe the utmost harmony and order prevailed, when they turned their eye upon the government of the world, and the moral condition of man, the apparent irregularity and partiality of the one, and the actual imperfection of the other, averted their minds from the truth. In order, therefore, to account for such apparent imperfections, they resorted to the belief of a plurality of gods, and thirty thousand divinities successively sprung into existence, some of which were good and some evil, but all possessing a share in the administration of the affairs of the world, and, consequently, objects of religious adoration and worship.

As if to conceal from themselves, amid the pomp and splendor of their devotion, the unsubstantial nature of their faith, the votaries of this splendid polytheism consecrated to it their masterpieces of scientific and artistical genius. To it arose those immense piles of architectural magnificence and beauty, which have commanded the admiration and astonishment of succeeding ages; to it innumerable altars smoked with the incense of costliest hecatombs; to maintain the splendor of its rites and ceremonies immense sums were poured out from their national treasury; with its forms was connected every act of life; and with its fancied divinities every spot, whether the green lawn, the purling brook, the shady grove, the wide expanse of heaven, or old ocean's world of waters, was thronged; and though the rude mind of the thoughtless multitude, amid the glories of the splendid temple of polytheism, might bow down before the shrine, while the curling incense rolled up

from off the altars of their countless divinities without ever presuming to penetrate beyond the sacred confines of its walls, or once imagining that all their worship was but a superstitious dream of the fancy, yet it was impossible, by this brilliant show of externalities, to obstruct entirely the keen penetration of such intellects as that of Plato and Socrates.

Influenced by the fear or apprehension of the evil effects of removing the restraints of even a superstitious religion from the passions of the multitude, they, indeed, entered the temple and worshiped by the side of the devoutest of their countrymen, and even publicly inculcated the propriety of paying devotion to the gods; yet that keen and far-reaching penetration, with which nature had endowed them, and which philosophy had sharpened, taught them secretly to disdain the confinement of the popular superstition, and to pursue their investigations until universal skepticism, like a black ghost, starting up before them, warned them of having transcended the "inflammantia moenia" of the mental world. Cut loose from the anchor of vulgar opinion, they were borne out by the tide of curiosity, without a chart and without a compass, upon the dark, unknown, and foggy sea of speculation.

Pythagoras and Plato in search of "truth" traversed the earth, and interrogated the oracles of every nation; but, alas! they could evoke no satisfactory response. Mankind had lost the knowledge of God and of themselves, and could not recover it. Darkness enveloped almost every thing.

In respect to the origin of matter, they knew nothing definite; their theories were vague and unsatisfactory. The skeptic entertained no opinion at all in respect to it, and even denied its existence. Some believed that matter was eternal, and that the earth had always existed. Others, that by chance it had sprung into existence from nothing. The origin of evil, and the distinction of virtue and vice were also subjects of much dispute. But if men were perplexed in regard to such subjects, much more were they perplexed when they turned their thoughts upon themselves. "Τὸ ἀδὶ σελυτοῦ" was an inscription gilded over the great door of the temples of Apollo as a subject worthy of profound and constant meditation, but contained an injunction which all confessed their inability to perform. Man was a mystery to himself. The more their sages exerted the energies of their mighty intellects to unravel this mystery, the more profound did it become.

Respecting the origin of man, his nature, his duty, and his destiny, they philosophised, and wondered, and confessed their ignorance. That consciousness of immortality innate in the breast of man, gave them some confused notion of a state of conscious existence beyond the tomb, but the utmost stretch of their reasoning faculties could throw but little additional light upon the subject. It might accord with the fondest aspirations of the heart to believe

that this spark lighted up in the breast of man was not destined to blaze but for a short day, and then be quenched for ever in the dampness of the grave, but they could discover no indisputable claim for him upon the glorious boon of immortality. They might, with Addison, interrogate their own consciousness:

"Whence this pleasing hope—this fond desire—
This longing after immortality?
Whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

And though hope might prompt, yet full conviction did not enable them to exclaim,

"'Tis the Divinity that stirs within—
'Tis Heaven that points out an hereafter,
And indicates eternity to man.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away; the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

"You go," said the prince of philosophers to his judges, who had just condemned him to drink the fatal potion, "you go to your homes; but I go I know not where." Who can contemplate this scene without a tear? Virtue had been his cynosure through life; but now he is about to launch out upon a dark, dark sea, and no Pharos hangs out its beacon light to direct him to the haven of immortality. The noblest energies of the human mind had been put forth in the search for "truth," and had failed, when the Gospel, bringing "life and immortality to light," was introduced into the world. Now the clouds of doubt and darkness have fled away—now

"See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

SOME persons never pretend to any government of themselves, but suffer any trifling circumstance to destroy their balance of mind. In defense of their course, they alledge, that it is their nature to be irritable; but whether it be their nature to be irritable or not, it is absurd to say that the temper cannot, in a measure at least, be controlled. Any one who will, can control himself. John Henderson, a student of St. John's College, Oxford, though naturally fretful, succeeded by perseverance in completely governing his temper. Once while disputing with a fellow-student on some historical subject, his opponent, seeing that defeat was inevitable, so far forgot himself as to throw a glassful of wine into Henderson's face. "That, sir," replied Henderson, with the utmost gravity, "is a digression; now for the argument."

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

BY MISS A. PECK.

MR. EDITOR,—A mother's love has at length triumphed over those feelings of delicacy which have so long induced me to confine to my own home the following lines. They were written on the death of my little daughter, a child of uncommon interest and promise, by a very dear friend, Miss A. PECK, who is now herself "where heaven-born spirits rest." Pardon the weakness (if such you deem it) of a friend and mother, in wishing to rescue from the destroying hand of Time, this simple elegy, by depositing it in your excellent Repository.

E. N. THOMAS.

O YES, she was a favorite one
All loved to see and hear;
Of gentle heart and winning tone,
Affectionate and dear.

And such a fond, expressive gaze
Beamed from her full blue eye—
So pleasant all her prattling ways
We loved her ever nigh.

And on that fair young infant brow,
There seemed, of native birth,
A noble pride that would not bow
To aught unloved of earth.

And oft she met the greeting smile
Of friends, by all caressed,
Who loved the sympathetic smile
Her childish mirth expressed.

To her loved infant school she'd go:
Ah, she was happy there!
And learned so much she lov'd to know.
She promised—O, how fair!

Like a rosebud, she'd charms to prove
In life's maturing hour;
Might they not ask who watched in love,
O, what will be the flower?

But O, there came a withering change,
A fever's sickening breath!
The vacant stare so wildly strange
In agony of death!

'Twas sweeter than the pallid hue
Of life's calm, quiet even,
That cherub smile that rose to view,
And winged our thoughts to heaven.

'Twas by the solemn, tolling bell
That told her spirit's flight,
I paused to note each parting knell
And marked a lovely sight:

There sat beside an infant train
Whose tears away would steal,
And mingling sobs with every strain
Of that heart-moving peal!

It was the bright and sunny band
I met her oft among;
But in a heavenly Father's land
She is a brighter one.

And bending o'er her coffin lid,
What melting accents hung!
The pangs of grief cannot be hid
When death the heart has stung.

The reverend grandsire bowed his face,
And kindred tears were shed;
There parents wept their last embrace
O'er one so loved and dead.

She slumbers in a lovely spot
Upon a sunset hill,
With others who are not forgot—
Where earth is hallow'd still—

Where nature wafts her purest breeze,
And nightly dews descend,
And from behind the forest trees
The evening zephyrs blend—

Where mid the flow'ret's sweet perfume,
The violet's heav'nward breast,
Looks up beyond the lonely tomb
Where heav'n-born spirits rest.

Sweet mother! thou who oft hast prest
The green turf o'er her bed,
And with the sweet, young rose-tree drest
The grave of thy early dead!

O, weep not though your child is gone;
A sweeter cup is given;
The seraph spark has gladly flown
Home to its native heaven.

EVENING.

BY LAMBDA.

WHEN shall we think of plighted vows,
And joys that virtue only knows,
And love that deeper, stronger grows?
At evening's twilight hour.

If duty call us oft to part,
And sorrow's tear drop often start,
What charm shall soothe the troubled heart?
Calm evening's tranquil hour.

When severed far when shall we meet
In some lone, silent, blest retreat,
To pray before the mercy seat?
At evening's pensive hour.

And when I breathe life's parting sigh,
To seek a fairer home on high,
O, may that hour of victory
Be evening's noiseless hour!

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

RESIDENCE ABROAD.

IT is the fashion, now, to travel. City people, especially, make a great account of going abroad once a year, if they are able; and those who are not so, talk a long time about it, and even fix upon a day to start, but are finally compelled to remain at home, by some unexpected pressure of engagements. I have heard of some, who, to carry out the feint, giving out the hour and minute of their departure, have actually, at the appointed time, shut themselves within doors, and lived like caged animals for weeks together, for the bare purpose of maintaining their places in the lists of gentility. Such a transaction, however, will not be charged upon the editor of a periodical, who, besides giving details of his journey, can describe accurately scenes and scenery, men and things, connected with a real foreign residence. In fact, an editor must not travel without giving these descriptions. As the poet Cowper says,

"He travels and expatiates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land.
The manners, customs, policies of all,
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return."

THE SMOKY CITY.

Pittsburg is rightly named. It is a burg of pits—coal-pits, iron-pits, furnace-pits—and all of them smoke-pits. It is a sort of United States smoke-house, large enough to accommodate the government, at Washington, including the heads of departments, and all the people, from the Rio Grande to Eastport. Should the Pittsburgers erect long poles through their city, like the posts of the telegraph, and connect them at the tops by iron bars running from one to the other, they might suspend green hams for smoking in all manner of quantities, and thus turn their worst inconvenience into a source of profit.

They could, in this way, and without much expense, add an immense business to their present gigantic operations, and supply the universe with thoroughly-smoked bacon. Something like this, in fact, ought to be entered into by the citizens of Pittsburg, in revenge for their great annoyance; for no one, who has not had a residence there, can fully appreciate the extent to which they are called upon to lengthen out their patience. So constantly smoked, as they are, from morning to night, from their cradles to their graves, they nearly all look sallow, or baconish; for I saw not one rosy-cheeked child, or young lady, in the city, except a very few, who, I was informed, were born in the neighboring country. As to the children, in fact, I was told by some one there, that mothers meeting their own urchins in the street did not pretend to know them; and at evening, it is said, they throw themselves into the groups of children, as a fisherman would throw his net into a fish-pond, and draw up a shoal of youngsters, hoping, in this way, to gather up some of their own offspring. But the sorting of them, I was gravely informed, was never undertaken, without first washing the little fellows' faces.

With this single drawback, however, Pittsburg is the greatest place in the whole nation. Its business is really wonderful. One evening I asked Dr. Dixon what

he thought of Pittsburg. With a gruff guttural English voice, he replied that it was "a most remarkable place." "When I was in England," said the Doctor, "I scarcely knew there was such a city. I thought all the great towns were on the seaboard; and when I came here, and saw such a mighty workshop so far inland, with a half-mile street of steamboats, waiting to carry off its surplus products, I can say I was surprised—I was astonished." But the reader should have heard the old Doctor say this. His manner, his tones, his emphasis, were all the beauty, or rather power, of the expressions. All visitors, on first seeing Pittsburg, feel exactly like the Doctor. It is wonderful, astonishing, surprising.

THE URB AND THE SUBURBS.

It is to be supposed, from what has here been said, that Pittsburg is not exactly the place for one to live in; but, then, there is a delightful country all around it, where the most fastidious could select a residence to please him. I know not whether the Alleghanians would consent, were it left to them, to be looked upon as suburbans to the Pittsburgers; but they will have to come down to something like this degree of modesty; for no one, a hundred miles from them, ever speaks of any thing up there but Pittsburg. Alleghany, and all the little towns about there, go under this generic appellation. Still, I must say, the smaller city holds a much bigger place in my affections than its smoky rival; for it is, certainly, one of the most beautiful places on record, unless its proximity to the greater city creates a false prejudice in its favor.

Many of the merchants of Pittsburg, and even the manufacturers, who make all the smoke, are not willing to live in it, but have taken up their residences, like men of sense, on the opposite side of the Alleghany. It is here, also, that the Rev. William Hunter, Editor of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate—whom I easily learned to esteem by a very brief acquaintance—has his residence.

The other little towns, here and there, are only clusters of furnaces, with just houses enough to accommodate the workmen. But these furnaces are great places. In company with my old friends, Rev. Abel Stevens and his lady, I visited quite a number of them in a single afternoon. We saw the vast rolling-mills, where they take huge chunks of red-hot iron, and roll them out into long bars, such as you see on sale at hardware houses. We visited the glass-works, too, in which our tumblers, and salt-cellars, and inkstands, and phials, and fruit-dishes, and decanters, and retorts, and receivers, and all kinds of common as well as chemical glass bottles, were molded, or blown up, in the most curious manner. Then came the nail-factories, the noisiest of all places, except a cotton mill, where short thin bars of iron are cut into nails, of all sorts and sizes, faster than any one would imagine. One die, we were told, cut them at the rate of three hundred and sixty per minute! Next was another street of iron-works, founderies, forges, and what not, hissing hot, and constantly filled with a shower, or out-break, of sparkles. Last of all, for that day, we reached the far-famed Novelty Works, which are generally more spoken of than all the others put together. Here I was sadly disappointed. I had expected to see all my former notions entirely outwitted, and even New England itself for ever put in the shade, by the "novelties" of this celebrated factory. I had even refused to buy any knick-knacks for my

little folks at home, in all the other places, expecting to find every thing at these works in all abundance. But I here met with a great reverse of fortune. After hunting the whole establishment from one end to the other, and from the bottom to the top story, I saw nothing at all calculated for children, except vast quantities of brass keys and door locks, heaps of butts and screws, and several cords of coffee mills. None of these things, however, exactly suited me.

THE BLUFFS.

These are the high hills, which rise on all sides of Pittsburg. They are the highest, however, on the opposite side of the Monongahela. There they tower nobly, and offer the most grand and inspiring views of the clustering cities, and much of the surrounding country. The sides, as usual with the bluffs of the Ohio and its tributaries, are very steep; but the summits are generally quite level, and covered with a carpet of the greenest sort of grass. Trees, too, are sparsely, sometimes rather thickly, sprinkled over the high landscape. There is no place, in a word, east or west, more beautiful than these glorious bluffs. It is wonderful that people do not more generally choose them for dwelling-places. Talk of the difficulty of getting to them! Why, one day's residence, one night's cool and calm and sweet repose up there, far from the din and dust and dirt of town, would be worth a journey to the top of Chimborazo. I never could consent to sleep one night in Pittsburg, were I a resident, so long as those grand old bluffs should stand there. Besides, the objection offered is altogether too lazy, and no man should ever make it, until he is quite ready to give up all ambition of being called or thought a man of purpose:

"Though sluggards may deem it a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
O, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share."

Excepting the houses of the colliers, who live on these hills, I recognized but one solitary residence; but that one was beautiful, worth, as I thought, more than forty of the finest palaces in the city. Palaces in a city! What are they? Immense prisons, the greater part of whose stately rooms are kept, by a vast deal of toil and care, for mere show, while the family, driven back into the rear, and there drowned in the fumes of some narrow lane, and in front hedged in by all manner of unacceptable street company, pass their days in lordly misery. Give me the heights, or the open country, where the soul can swell, and thought expand, and the discursive mind freely wander over God's fresh and fair creation. Whether I am forced to live in a small cottage, or a low cabin, if it be only clean, I will choose it, if, with the choice, I have the pure, bland air, and the wide view, and the open country, and the starry canopy, to give vigor to my health, together with life, and breadth, and animation to my feelings.

These the poor colliers get on the bluffs of Pittsburg, and I am glad of it. Poor fellows! After toiling a long summer's day in their mighty dungeon, dark and damp, by the light of their glimmering tapers, they come out, at last, to enjoy this glorious view, and the free air of heaven.

THE COAL MINES.

From the time I was a boy I had heard a great deal about coal mines; and the word colliers, so often mentioned in Mr. Wesley's Journal, and so intimately con-

nected with his early struggles, had become a sort of salient word, at the sound of which my memory was accustomed to leap off into perfect ecstasies of reminiscence. Still, though I had seen a great portion of our great country, and a peep of things outside of it, I had never, until my residence in Pittsburg, seen a coal-pit. But there they were, in all their black reality; so, in company with my good friend, Rev. Hooper Crews, of Rock River, I entered one, on a bright morning of last May, with the purpose of exploring it profoundly.

The reader, if he goes in with us, must not object to our mode of conveyance, which, I confess, is nothing but a very low sort of a cart, hauled into the bowels of the mountain by a dwarfish but veritable John Donkey. The wheels run on a track of iron, laid down exactly like those of a railroad; by which contrivance a single animal, not much bigger than the smallest Shetland pony, is able to draw out a very heavy load of coal. The light of day follows us but a short distance on our inward passage; for there are no perpendicular openings, from the shaft to the outer surface. As the light, however, leaves you, or you leave that, your conductor ignites a candle, which he had left sticking to the side of the pit, at a place which he well remembers. But the candle, in the midst of this damp atmosphere, surcharged with heavy gases, sheds but a feeble, flickering ray, like the reason of a skeptic on his dark passage through the dungeon of his existence.

Directly, the main path divides into many branches, this way and that, as if the mine were a perfect plot of doubtful underground purposes. Following one of them for a quarter of a mile, you come at last to what the colliers call a "chamber," which is a vast room made by extracting the coal from that particular region. Here you see, far away in the black distance, many lights faintly gleaming, and hear the deadened sound of the picks, which the diggers are throwing lustily into the sides of the shaft they are working. To do this, they are compelled to sit down with their legs under them, in a very cramped attitude, and hurl their weapons in that peculiar style, which the boys, in my day, used to call a "side-winder." This, for an hour or two, would be just possible, I should think, to a man of common muscle; but to continue it from year to year would seem almost beyond endurance. But the colliers told me, that, so far from feeling any annoyance from their position, it was quite agreeable to them.

The coal, as my readers may know, lies in a stratum of pretty uniform thickness, with a rocky covering above; but what is most curious, is the floor on which it reposes. Just beneath the coal stratum, which is solid, and, as there wedged in, almost impenetrable, there is another stratum of loose material, lined on the upper surface by a seam of very shaly substance. This lower stratum is first dug out, leaving the coal above without support, which, by a few resolute thumps, comes tumbling down in huge masses. Wonderful are the ways of Providence! Without this arrangement, no coal could be quarried, without greater expense than the trade would warrant; but no mine in the world is left without this remarkable provision. As the poor fellows dig by the bushel, it is delightful to sit there and behold one of those avalanches thundering down around them.

We could not leave our underground acquaintance, without inquiring a little into their religious condition, and leaving a word or two of advice and exhortation.

The man, whose operations we most witnessed, was a Methodist, and his nearest neighbor in the mine was a Presbyterian. They declared they enjoyed their life in there, as they were far away from the noise of men and the world's temptations; but whether they meddled at all with politics, we did not learn, as we asked them no questions on that subject. I was told afterward, however, that they are generally Democrats; and if that be true, they must certainly belong to that division generally known under the title of *subterraneans*.

After seeing all there was to be seen, and learning what we could learn, we groped our dark way out of the chamber by the light of a single candle. Taking the main track, and keeping close to the heels of our guide, stooping all the way into a sort of half standing, half sitting posture, with great effort we walked the half mile out again. All the way out I was forcibly reminded of the saying of Dean Swift, when he hit his head against the mill-beam, that a man has to stoop a little, as he goes through the world, if he wishes to keep a good sound conscience.

Getting into the open air, where we could stand erect again, we stretched ourselves up to our highest altitude, and, leaping over the loose rocks and heaps of coal dust, we bounded along over the lofty landscape, and then stumbled our way down the mountain. That night we could both say, with the bard of Avon:

"Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the downy pillow hard."

VISITS.

But very little in this line have I to record. The battle-ground, where General Braddock was defeated, and where Washington began to put on his high military lustre, I had seen. The barracks I did not visit, if there are any there, because I had seen, in other places, more of them than I wish to see again. Military glory is no glory for me, either to admire, or to encourage. It is the honor of our forefathers, that they attempted to make of us a nation of peace-makers; but we seem to be degenerating in this particular; and I have no desire to help the country down in that direction. The two rivers I did visit, and that often. I walked along their banks, both late and early, in company and alone. I stood frequently upon their noble bridges, and looked down into the deep water, and dreamed of what the small fish might be doing and thinking, while we greater ones were attending to our peculiar matters in the airy regions. I saw one leap up out of the water, either to test the state of things in the upper element, or else to catch some fly that may have been sailing too near the water's surface; and I concluded, that either the fish lost his breath by the operation, or the fly obtained by it an introduction into company for which he had no great relish.

I saw, also, a little boy, who ought to have been at school, playing on a raft of lumber, from which, by a misstep, he fell into the river, and was saved only by the utmost and even perilous exertions of some good-hearted boatmen. A blessing on them for their disinterested efforts! A man, also, engaged on one of the rafts, who had evidently taken too much ardent spirits—too much if he had taken any—fell overboard one day as I stood looking down on the Alleghany. He was not saved. His body sank instantly, as soon as life was out of it, and he rose no more. Reader, where do you think that drunkard is, while you are amusing yourself

with this playful paper? Let the question stir you up to do your duty to this wretched class of our countrymen.

But I saw other things, and dreamed of some things not to be seen but by mental vision. I watched some small steamboats running up stream, and conjectured how the natives would have stared, when Braddock and Washington visited those parts, to see such an apparition walking upon their waters. I then thought of Dr. Franklin's voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, which he describes as a wonderful feat, full of hair-breadth escapes and miracles of patience. I thought, next, of Dr. Lardner, who, a few years ago, delivered a series of scientific lectures in London, on the "impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam vessels;" and I thought, also, how curious he must have felt, when, only a few years afterward, he himself purchased a ticket in Liverpool, and came to this country in one of those successful steamers, which he had demonstrated, as he thought, to be impossible. The telegraph came next; and well it might; for, as I stood there dreaming, a line of it was running directly over my head. I looked up to it with a sort of wild astonishment, wondering what ideas might be darting along the wire, while I was gazing at it. I conjured up, also, a vision of telegraphs, where the whole land was covered by a perfect web of them, connecting all our towns and cities; then I run a large wire westward and northward across Behring's Straits into Asia, from which another web was spread out over that vast hemisphere; next I sent it over the narrow neck of the Red Sea, where it became equally ramified over Africa, at last winding its way up through the Isthmus of Suez; and then, laying the leader across the Dardanelles near Constantinople into Europe, I made a complete circuit passing round the globe, with its million of fibres reaching out to every place of importance in all regions. This complex arrangement I called the world's nervous system, around and through which mind could flash its resistless dictates, and so govern and control all things. I saw our science, and philosophy, and arts, and religion, passing into the barbarous countries with the speed of lightning. The thrones of all tyrants tumbled down. Temples of learning and of religion rose up in every valley and on every hill-top. A glorious civilization, as brilliant as a borealis, but as permanent as sunlight, blazed and dazzled over all nations. I saw the intellect of man, as a controlling power, at the head of that civilization; that intellect acting in vigorous but quiet subservience to the heart; the heart guided and governed by the impulse of a holy faith; and so, by this process, the light of the millennium shining gloriously upon all countries, and God, in Christianity, reigning over all people.

But I must close for the present. I am aware I have presumed somewhat on the good nature of my up-river friends; but, unless I have entirely overrated their jovial qualities, and their largeness of mind, I shall have produced no other consequences, than a smile. At all events, I am certain I could have paid them no higher compliment, than I have in trusting so largely to their well-known kindness of heart. I have more to say of them by and by.

—
PRIDE is not the heritage of man; for, in his highest state, man is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty and continually sustained by the providence of Heaven.

ARABIC LITERATURE.

THERE is probably no language, living or dead, excepting the Greek, which contains such vast stores of literature, of science, of philosophy, of learning, as that of the Arabians. Dr. Adam Clarke puts it at the head of a long list of languages, which he advises young scholars to become acquainted with, assuring them of its intrinsic beauty and richness, and of the immense treasures of knowledge contained in it. Both dynasties of the Caliphs, the Omniades and Abassides, were patrons of learning. They invited every man of genius in the world to reside at their court. They employed thousands of scribes in copying, and other thousands of the learned in translating, the immortal works of Greece, and of all other countries. There was a long period, during the middle ages, when these followers of Mohammed were almost the only cultivators of poetry, of history, of philosophy, and of letters. From Bagdad to Spain, they spread their literary influence, under which the best days of the classic nations seemed to be rivaled. For hundreds of years the works of Aristotle, of Homer, of the Greek historians, of Sophocles, of Æschylus, of Pindar, and of all the great bards, were more read by the Arabs of Barbary and of Spain, than by all other people. Most of our own literature took its rise from them. The Troubadours of Provence, the Trouveres of the north of France, and even the Minnesingers of old Germany, the progenitors of modern civilization in all countries, got their first inspiration and their models from the Moors. Their language is now more replete with translations, more rich in commentaries, more abounding in several classes of literary works, than any other. Sismondi, who has written the best extant history of the south of Europe, speaks of the Arabian savans in the highest terms. His remarks on their inventions, and on the decline of their genius, are so eloquent, that I cannot forbear presenting an extract to my readers:

"The natural sciences were cultivated by the Arabians, not only with more ardor, but with a juster view of the means it was necessary to pursue, in order to master them. Abou-Ryan-al-Byrouny, who died in the year 941, traveled forty years for the purpose of studying mineralogy; and his treatise, on the knowledge of precious stones, is a rich collection of facts and observations. Ibn or Aban-al-Beithar of Malaga, who devoted himself with the same eagerness to the study of botany, traveled over all the mountains and plains of Europe, in search of plants. He afterward traversed the burning sands of Africa, for the purpose of collecting and describing such vegetables as can support the fervid heat of that climate; and he subsequently passed into the most remote countries of Asia. In the three portions of the globe then known, he observed with his own eyes every thing strange and rare, which the three kingdoms of nature presented to him. Animals, vegetables, and fossils, all underwent his inspection; and he returned at last to his own country, loaded with the spoils of the east and south. He published successively three volumes, one on the virtues of plants, another on stones and metals, and the third on animals, which contained more true science than any naturalist had hitherto displayed. He died in 1248 at Damascus, whither he had returned, and where he was made superintendent of the gardens to the prince. In addition to these, there were others, amongst the Arabians, who merited the gratitude of posterity, such as Al-Rasi, Ali-Ben-al-Abbas,

and Avicenna. Chemistry, of which the Arabians were, in some sort, the inventors, gave them a better acquaintance with nature than the Greeks or the Romans ever possessed; and this science was applied by them most usefully and exclusively to all the necessary arts of life. Above all, agriculture was studied by them with that perfect knowledge of the climate, the soil, and the growth of plants and animals, which can alone reduce long experience into a science. No nation of Europe, Asia, or Africa, either ancient or modern, has possessed a code of rural laws more wise, just, and perfect, than that of the Arabians of Spain; nor has any nation ever been elevated by the wisdom of its laws, the intelligence, activity, and industry of its inhabitants, to a higher pitch of agricultural prosperity than Moorish Spain, and more especially the kingdom of Grenada. Nor were the arts cultivated with less success, or less enriched by the progress of natural philosophy. A great number of the inventions which, at the present day, add to the comforts of life, and without which literature could never have flourished, are due to the Arabians. Thus, paper, now so necessary to the progress of the intellect, the want of which plunged Europe, from the seventh to the tenth century, into such a state of ignorance and barbarism, is an Arabic invention.

"Gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before any traces of it appear in the European historians. In the thirteenth century, it was frequently employed by the Moors in their wars in Spain, and some indications remain of its having been known in the eleventh century. The compass, also, the invention of which has been given, alternately, to the Italians and the French in the thirteenth century, was already known to the Arabians in the eleventh. The Geographer of Nubia, who wrote in the twelfth century, speaks of it as an instrument universally employed. The numerals which we call Arabic, but which, perhaps, ought rather to be called Indian, were, undoubtedly, at least communicated to us by the Arabians. Without them, none of the sciences in which calculation is employed, could have been carried to the point at which they have arrived in our day, and which the great mathematicians and astronomers, amongst the Arabians, very nearly approached. The number of Arabic inventions, of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious. But they have been introduced into Europe, in every direction, slowly and imperceptibly; for those who imported them did not arrogate to themselves the fame of the invention, meeting, as they did in every country, people who, like themselves, had seen them practiced in the east. It is peculiarly characteristic of all the pretended discoveries of the middle ages, that when the historians mention them for the first time, they treat them as things in general use. Neither gunpowder, nor the compass, nor the Arabic numerals, nor paper, are any where spoken of as discoveries, and yet they must have wrought a total change in war, in navigation, in science, and in education. It cannot be doubted but that the inventor, if he had lived at that time, would have had sufficient vanity to claim so important a discovery. Since that was not the case, it may reasonably be presumed that all these inventions were slowly imported by obscure individuals, and not by men of genius, and that they were brought from a country where they were already universally known.

"Such, then, was the brilliant light which literature

and science displayed, from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in those vast countries which had submitted to the yoke of Islamism. Many melancholy reflections arise when we enumerate the long list of names which, though unknown to us, were then so illustrious, and of manuscripts buried in dusty libraries, which yet, in their time, exercised a powerful influence over the human intellect. What remains of so much glory? Not more than five or six individuals are in a situation to take advantage of the manuscript treasures which are inclosed in the library of the Escorial. A few hundreds of men only, dispersed throughout all Europe, have qualified themselves, by obstinate application, to explore the rich mines of Oriental literature. These scholars with difficulty obtain a few rare and obscure manuscripts; but they are unable to advance far enough to form a judgment of the whole scope of that literature, of which they have so partial a knowledge. But the boundless regions where Islamism reigned and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The rich countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious, for five centuries, by the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are now only deserts of burning sand, which the human tyrant disputes with the beast of prey. The smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts, and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the seas, and who only relax from their labors in shameful debaucheries, until the plague periodically comes to select its victims from amongst them, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt has, by degrees, been swallowed up by the sands which formerly fertilized it. Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the Pacha who oppresses them. Bagdad, formerly the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. The celebrated universities of Cufa and Bassora are extinct. Those of Samarcand and Balkh share in the destruction. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors; and of the few who could comprehend them, none are able to procure them. The prodigious literary riches of the Arabians, of which we have now given only a very cursory view, no longer exist in any of the countries where the Arabians and the Mussulmans rule. It is not there that we must seek, either for the fame of their great men, or for their writings. What have been preserved are in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe. And yet these vast countries have not been conquered. It is not the stranger who has despoiled them of their riches, who has annihilated their population, and destroyed their laws, their manners, and their national spirit. The poison was their own: it was administered by themselves, and the result has been their own destruction.

"Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and of science has been transported; which sheds so brilliant a light; which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and manners of antiquity, shall not, in a few ages, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who may say, that in

some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions, whence the Orinoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, or, perhaps, in the impregnable mountain-fastnesses of New Holland, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise, once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it; nations who, hearing with astonishment of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggles of man to snatch that immortality of glory, which fate has refused to bestow?"

FOREIGN POETRY.

In the last number of the Repository I remarked, that I had had a short editorial correspondence with the celebrated English poet, Mr. Tupper, and that he had sent me several contributions, with a tacit promise for the future. The following piece from his pen, one of the several sent, should be read in connection with his apostrophe to America, published some months ago. It is, of course, English, as it should be, coming from an Englishman; but we, on this side of the water, are not afraid of a little nationality, if coupled with sincerity, charity, and real genius.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR LIBERIA IN AFRICA, BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D. O. L., F. R. S.

PRAISE ye the Lord for this new-born star,
On the blue firmament blazing afar;
Bless ye the Lord! our souls to cheer,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Hail to Liberia's beacon bright,
Luring us home with its silver light;
Where we may sing, without peril or fear,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Hail! new home on the dear old shore,
Where Ham's dark sons dwell ever of yore;
Thou shalt be unto us doubly dear,
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Come, ye children of Africa, come,
Bring hither the viol, the pipe, and the drum,
To herald this star on its bright career;
For "love of liberty brought us here!"
Come, with peace and to all goodwill;
Yet ready to combat for insult or ill—
Come, with the trumpet, the sword, and the spear;
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Thanks unto God! who hath broken the chain
That bound us as slaves on the western main;
Thanks, white brothers! O, thanks sincere,
Whose "love of liberty brought us here!"

Yes, ye have rescued us as from the grave,
And a freeman made of the desperate slave,
That ye may call him both brother and peer;
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Thanks! O raise that shout once more—
Thanks! let it thrill Liberia's shore—
Thanks! while we our standard rear,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Thine, Columbia, thine was the hand
That set us again on our own dear land;
We will remember thee far or near;
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Yes, Liberia, freemen gave
Freedom and thee to the ransomed slave;
Then out with a shout both loud and clear,
"Love of liberty brought us here!"

NOTICES.

SACRED HARMONY: a *Collection of Music, adapted to the Greatest Variety of Metres now in use, and for Special Occasions, a Choice Selection of Sentences, Anthems, Motets, and Chants, harmonized and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte.* By Samuel Jackson, with an Improved System of Elementary Instruction. New York: Lane & Tippet. 1848.—Now, reader, you have the entire title, verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim, of our new tune-book. We have given the whole of it, because, being no musician ourself, though we once had a musical education, we feared we could say nothing so much to the point. It is a work of three hundred and sixty pages, on fine paper, fair type, well printed, and bound in the usual style. If our opinion, in such a matter, is of any value, we are free to say, the book pleases us very much. The music is of the first order; and, certainly, there is enough of it. It is characterized by great variety. The tunes have an accompaniment, as we see, for the organ, as well as piano. This, of course, means something. On the eastern side of the Alleghanies, our people use a great many organs, though we can well remember when the idea of introducing even a flute into one of those congregations would have made trouble. Where we received our induction into Methodism, a pew, or choir, would have been considered sufficient cause for revolution; but it is not so now, either there, or in many other places then in the same condition. Perhaps this work, however, is not designed exclusively for our own churches. If so, we are glad of it; for we never could see why we should confine our works so exclusively to ourselves. The old patent notes, as they were called, are discarded in this book, much to the joy, we should think, of all lovers of good music. Many other improvements are evident; but we have not farther space to notice them. We advise all our Churches, east and west, to patronize our new and excellent tune-book.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH, for July, is on our table, filled with very readable matter for those who like new ideas on old topics. Mr. Hine, the editor, is a young man of undoubted, or rather acknowledged talents, and exerts them for the benefit of his readers. The work, we learn, is not very extensively patronized, though there must be a large class of persons, in our country, who incline to its way of thinking. There is, probably, a little doubt in the public mind respecting the exact character and object of the work; for many have the notion, we know not from what cause, that the whole project of the company, by whom the Herald is published, is not yet fully developed to its readers. This, however, we should suppose, would only increase the interest of the public to see it. If, as some say, the work is skeptical, it deserves no encouragement, but condemnation; though, in all candor, we are free to say, that the public ought always to hear new doctrines in philosophy propounded without premature censure; for the world has sometimes received great blessings from movements, which, like the astronomical observations of Copernicus and Galileo, were at first decried as heretical. Still, we have nothing to say for the doctrines of the Herald; but we are not inclined, without plain reasons, to condemn any thing professing a good object. If it professes to discuss Mesmerism, or Phrenology, or any scheme of philosophy, let it discuss it. Though we are no advocate of these systems, as our

readers know, yet we are not afraid of them. If any body wishes to inquire into such subjects, let him do it; but let him do it with a humble estimate of human ability, and with a firm reliance on the light of established science and revelation.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS. Rev. D. S. King, No. 3, Cornhill, Boston.—This is a periodical of which there can be no doubt. Its reputation is established. Brother King is one of the best men in the Church. His correspondents are persons who seem to have their souls deeply imbued with the spirit of the doctrine they advocate. We have only one fault to find with the work. The temper of it seems to be a little too much inclined to the *passive* side of Christian holiness. It has not advocated, we fear, with sufficient prominence, the great doctrine of *active* holiness. We are made for action. A religious man ought to be unparalleled for his buoyant vigor, his indomitable courage, his boundless enterprise, his fearless activity. His prayers and his faith ought to make him such a man. Any sort of solitary piety, or still religion, or quietism, ought not to be encouraged; though every person professing godliness ought to maintain a serene temper, and a settled conscience, and a calm confidence. The Guide would be improved, we imagine, should it look a little into this distinction between the *active* and the *passive* sides of our religion. We give it, however, even as it is, our editorial blessing.

CATALOGUE OF THE TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF HERRON'S SEMINARY, in Cincinnati, Ohio, for the year ending June 30, 1848.—This is one of the best seminaries for young men in the land. Professor Herron is well known in Cincinnati as an able teacher, a good manager, a safe counselor, a devout Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar. His school is patronized by the first families of the city, and from the adjacent country. Had we a son of suitable age for such a school, we should not only send him to this seminary without delay, but put him under the special charge of Mr. Herron, with all confidence that every thing would be done for him, which could be done, without our care or attention. That, readers, is the place for your boys. Send them on. Mr. Herron will do well for them.

TENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, Hillsborough, Ohio, for the year ending August 10, 1848.—We once spent a week at Hillsborough, and were greatly pleased with the school, and with every thing about it. Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, A. M., we know to be a man in every way qualified to fill the important post he now occupies. We said, two years ago, that a class of his in the evidences of Christianity, which we heard examined, was the most triumphant exhibition of scholastic training we had ever witnessed, in school or college, and we have not seen any reason to change our opinion since. The Seminary is, no doubt, of the highest order.

TWELFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF AMENIA SEMINARY, for the year ending March 23, 1848.—We have heard, by private sources, that this institution has been rather depressed lately; but the Catalogue shows things up about as well as ever. It must be that our information was not authentic or reliable. We hope old Amenia will live long to bless the rising generation. It certainly is as much entitled to prosperity as any other institution in the land.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE readers of the Repository will be glad, no doubt, to see the following correspondence from a gentleman of this city, a man of great literary attainments, who is now on a visit to Germany, his native country. From his future letters we anticipate many a rich treat for ourself and readers; but, in this day of peril and uncertainty in Europe, we make not the usual reliance on the promises of foreign travelers. We shall hail, with great delight, any future favors from our friend's masterly pen; but shall not be entirely disappointed, whatever may be our regret, if we never receive another. But for the letter:

"Liverpool, June 29, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Day before yesterday we arrived here, after a safe passage of three weeks, in the packet ship Henry Clay, fully tired of the monotonous oneness and the many, many unemployed hours of leisure, without having an opportunity or desire, to fill them up with something useful. The details of our voyage you may read in my diary after my return. We passed the examination of the English custom-house, without finding cause for offense or complaint. I found things and persons very different from what I had imagined. If the cities of England, in general, show as little misery and as many solid and sound manifestations in the life of their inhabitants, as Liverpool—though it is said that business, at present, is very dull—the most zealous republican must confess, that all classes of society may live happy and comfortably even in monarchies, if they have only the fear of God within their hearts. Never before did I so fully and thankfully appreciate the Divine providence which pours its rich blessings so bountifully upon America and England, and sustains social order and all the pursuits of peace by the strong arm of constitutional law. What a contrast with the capital of France! Where is the Sabbath more profaned—where the religion of Christ, the bond of peace, less esteemed? A demoniacal thirst for sensual enjoyment, which shuns no means of gratification, seems to have possessed this motley mass of profane and Atheistical men. The portraiture of these infernal gangs is too loathsome, even to look at from a distance on paper. How must the hearts of the good have bled at the sight of the scenes! It seems, God poured out his phial of wrath on this ungodly city. You will have read the particulars of the last insurrection at Paris—spare me the repetition of it. The most hopeful might here despond. But the atmosphere is purified. The universal odium falls on the intrigues of the Communists and Fourierists. You know them—how they build their system upon the sand of the corrupt desires of the human heart, without any reference to the word of God. Their political system seems to me like the religion of Mohammed, only calculated to fit its devotees for every cruelty and abomination of which human nature is capable.

"I called upon the Rev. Mr. Walker, the Wesleyan minister, with Dr. Dixon's introduction, and found in him a very agreeable, interesting man. He is a loyal subject of Her Majesty, and complained of the diminution of religious interest in England. I was sorry, that want of time deprived me of the pleasure of accepting his kind invitation for tea.

"As this is the first sign of life which I send you from Europe, you cannot expect any thing of general interest in these hasty lines. They are only designed for

you and my friends in Cincinnati. In a week from now I intend to pass over to Germany, and I will then try to write you something which you may use for the Repository."

This communication, from our German traveling correspondent, reminds us of a subject of great interest to the cause of true religion in the west, which we beg to offer briefly to our readers. It is the great project of a German Central church in the city of Cincinnati. Such a church is imperiously demanded. The two small churches now here occupied by the Germans, are entirely insufficient for the purposes of this growing department of our people. They must have a larger, and more central, and more commodious place of worship. Think, reader, that there are, in this city, including its suburbs, forty-five thousand Germans. Consider that the majority of them are within reach of our influence, while no other denomination has ever been able to touch them. Remember the five thousand non-confessing Catholics, that is, backsliders from Popery, now here, who stand without a shepherd, waiting for some hand to help them, the most of whom are Germans. Reflect on what our beloved brother Nast, with the rich blessings of Heaven on his labors, has accomplished for these foreigners. Ask yourself, what will become of them and of us, if they are suffered to go on in their wickedness and infidelity? Demand of your conscience your own duty in view of your love of your country and its free institutions. Look, as you have a right to, upon our German cause as the great lever laid at the base of Romanism in this hemisphere. Behold the great city of Cincinnati, the heart of influence for the Mississippi valley, where Catholicism has planted its headquarters, having now church property here to the amount of two-thirds of a million of dollars. See what prodigious efforts they are at this moment making, erecting churches, building their sectarian school-houses, rearing up another mighty cathedral, pouring out the treasure of Europe upon us, in their vast expenditures on their religious efforts. Look at their growing influence as politicians, as educators of the young, in all respects. Then ask yourself whether the German Methodists, the only body of men who have ever effected any thing considerable in opposition to these vast operations, shall not have the sympathies, the prayers, and the pecuniary help of all friends of true religion and of a free government. We have here, where their labors are most appreciated, responded to their call, and resolved to aid them in the erection of their new Central church. But we cannot do it all. The English churches here have great burdens on them, though they have taken hold of this movement with energy. Will not our friends abroad help these good laborers in a common vineyard? If each one of our readers will send to brother Nast a dollar, the enterprise will go up in triumph. Where is there one who will not wish to do it? God bless the cheerful and liberal giver!

The article on the "Position and Influence of Woman," from our German correspondent, has been unavoidably crowded out of the present number. This, doubtless, will be cause of disappointment to a great many of our readers. Disappointment, however, as Shakspeare says, is the destiny of man, and must be borne. Hereafter, we hope to avert any similar casualty, and must bespeak most earnestly the indulgence of our readers for the present oversight.



FLOWERS.

BY M. D. M'ALISTER.

How bright, on Nature's fairy face,
Unfolding, clear, to light,
Is beauty, as 'tis seen in flow'rs,
Enrapturing the sight!

As sunbeams dance on loveliness,
Reflecting to the eye,
In beauty, from some dew-drop sweet,
Which on its brow doth lie,

Who can, devoid of pleasure, gaze
Upon the beauteous sight?
Or turn from its luxuriance,
Untouched by sweet delight?

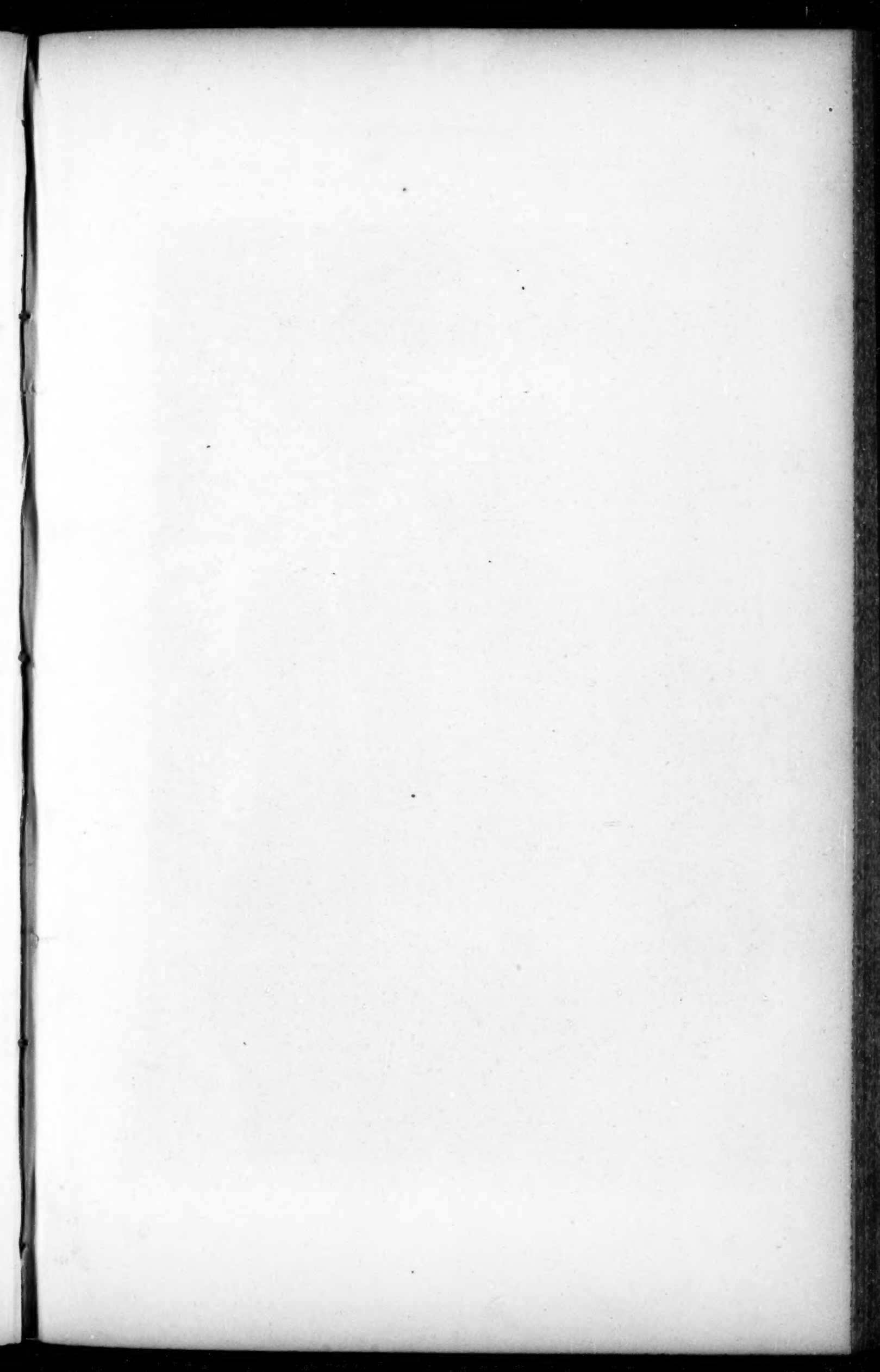
And as the soft-winged zephyr wafts
Their balmy fragrance forth,
It seems as if some paradise
Had strayed upon the earth.

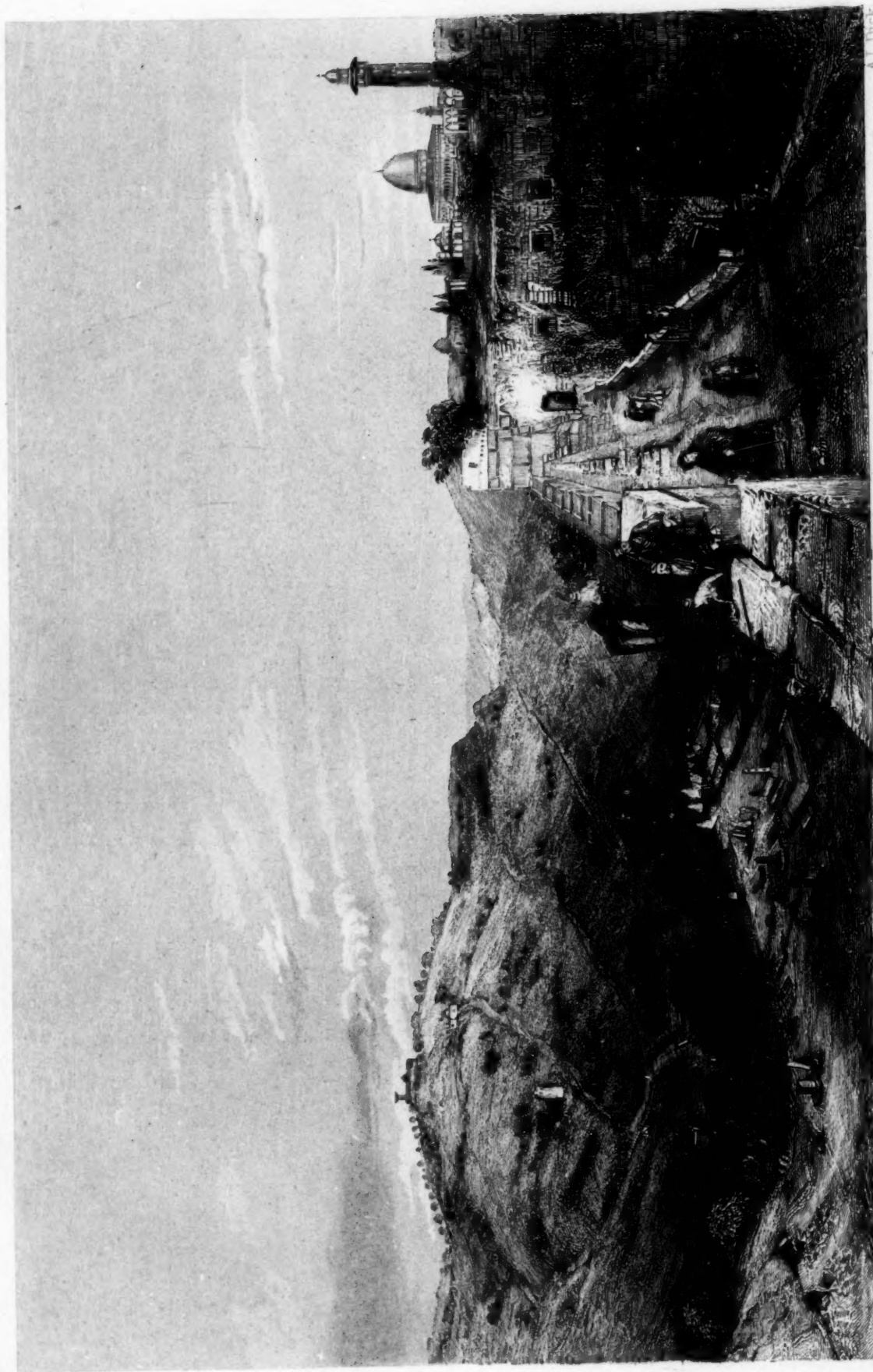
And as the cool, refreshing breeze
Comes sporting o'er their heads,
As in the foliage shade they lift,
Or nod in grassy meads,

How apt to call them stars of earth,
Half hid by clouds of green!
Or shining forth from sky more clear,
In purest beauty seen!

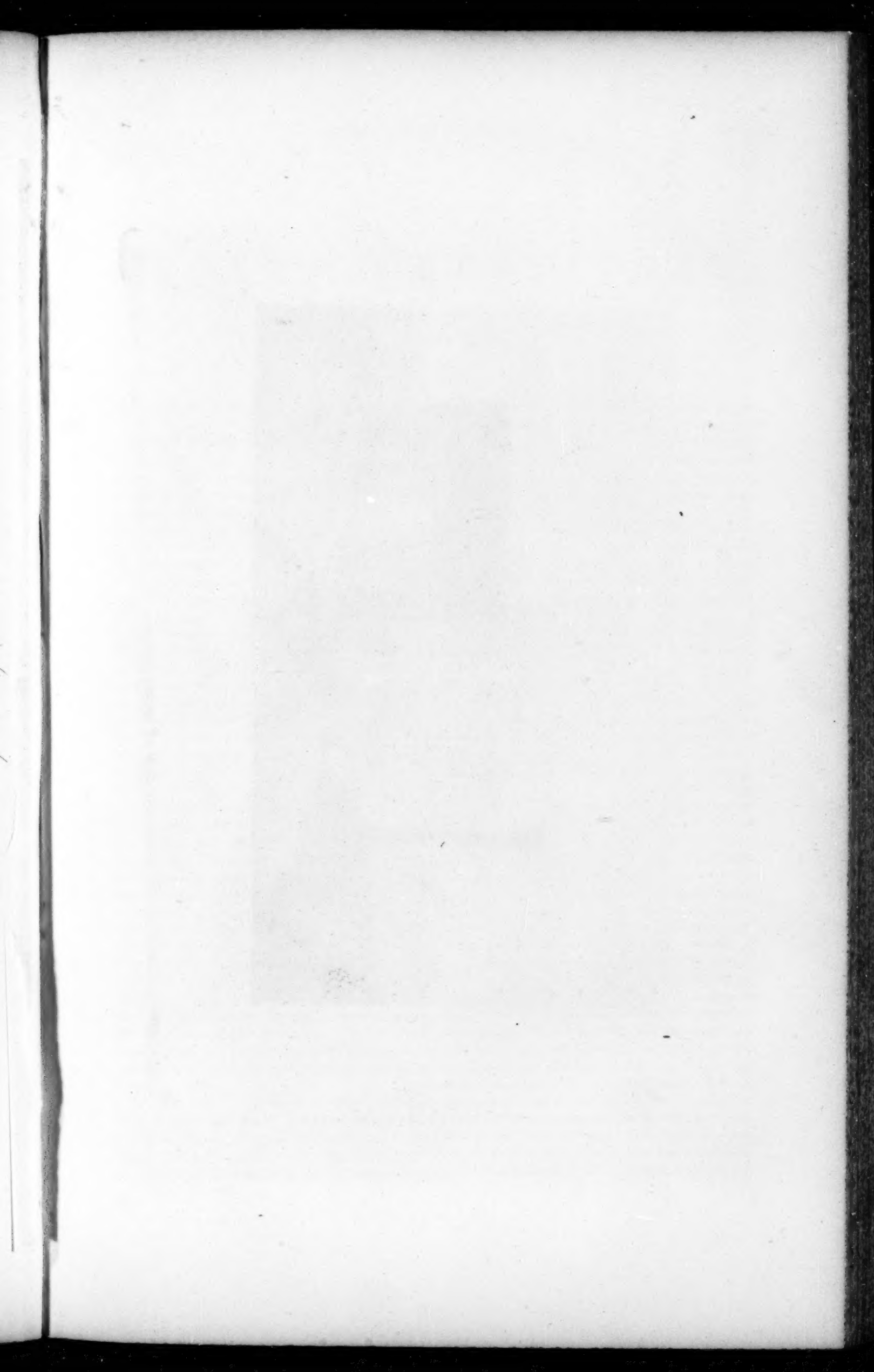
Fair flower, O, how beautiful
Upon a higher stem!
And when thou, modest, touch the dust,
Art none the less a gem!

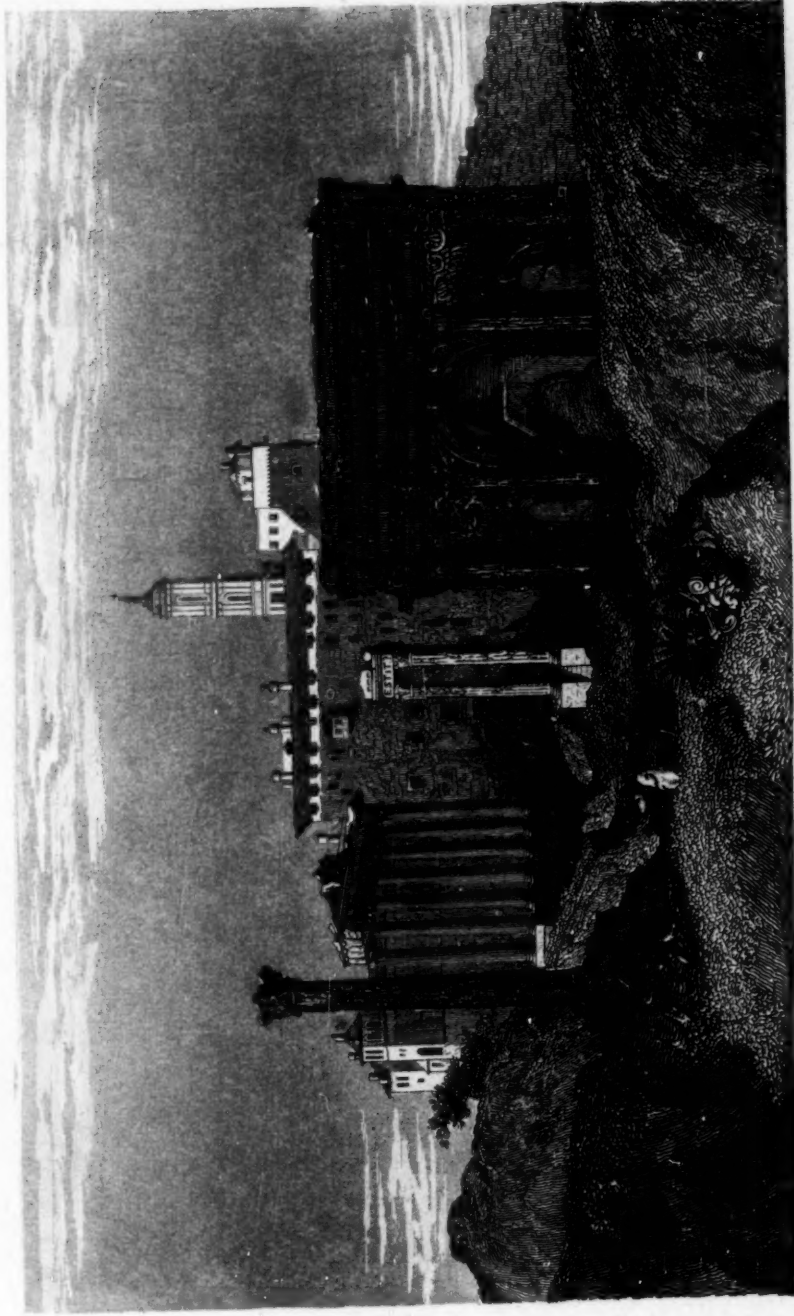






Mount of Olives from the Wall





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